

Registrar, Victoria College



# Victoria College Annual

1927-1928





**Registrar, Victoria College**



# **Victoria College Annual**



**Year 1927 - 1928**

**THE REGISTRAR  
VICTORIA COLLEGE  
VICTORIA, B. C.**



. . Autographs . .





.. Autographs ..



To

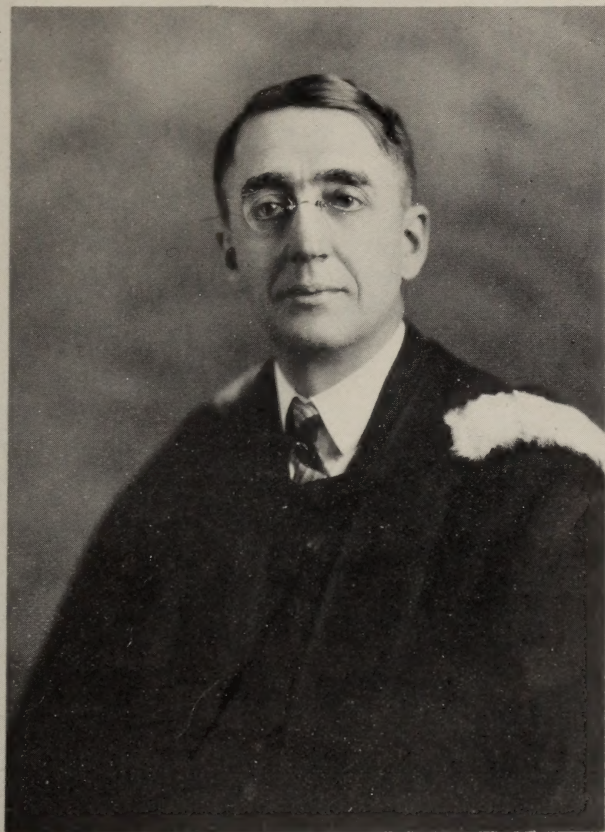
PERCY H. ELLIOTT

M. Sc., MCGILL

We, the Students of the Victoria College  
respectfully dedicate  
this Annual







PRINCIPAL P.H. ELLIOTT, M.Sc., MCGILL

THE REGISTRAR  
**VICTORIA COLLEGE,**  
VICTORIA, B. C.



## FOREWORD

**L**AST summer the Victoria Board of School Trustees bought the building which has for some years housed us; so that, for the first time in history, the College has had a home of its own.

I am inclined to attribute much of the success of the session 1927-28 to arrangements which were thus made possible. Of course, buildings and equipment never yet made a College; such institutions are spiritual corporations. Devoted and capable instructors in contact with sincere seekers after knowledge make an effective centre, and these fundamentals are, I think, found here.

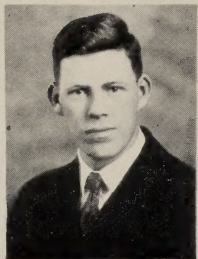
The record made by our graduates in other Colleges and Universities is most encouraging and must act as a powerful stimulus to our present students.

The year just closing has been one of harmony and progress. It would be hard to devise a more searching test of the social quality of a body of students than the practice of Student Self-Government. Its success in the College is a fine tribute to everybody concerned and more particularly to the members of the Students' Council upon whom most of the burden falls.

Fortunately when Dr. Paul retired from the Principalship he did not withdraw completely from the College. His continued connection makes it probable that we shall at least maintain the excellent position gained during his administration.

P. H. ELLIOTT,  
Principal.





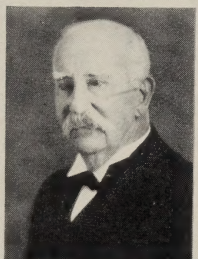
• W.H. GAGE •  
MATHEMATICS



E.S. FARR, ASST. PRINCIPAL  
ECONOMICS AND HISTORY



• K. COLLISON •  
SECRETARY



• E.B. PAUL, PRINCIPAL EMERITUS •  
ROMAN HISTORY



• P.H. ELLIOTT, PRINCIPAL •  
SCIENCE

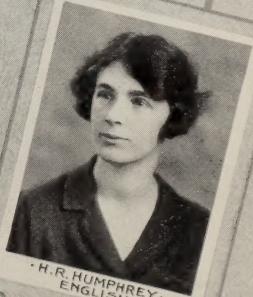


• E. SANDERSON - MONGIN •  
FRENCH

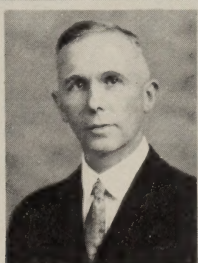


• J.A. CANN •  
ENGLISH AND PHILOSOPHY

## THE FACULTY



• H.R. HUMPHREY •  
ENGLISH

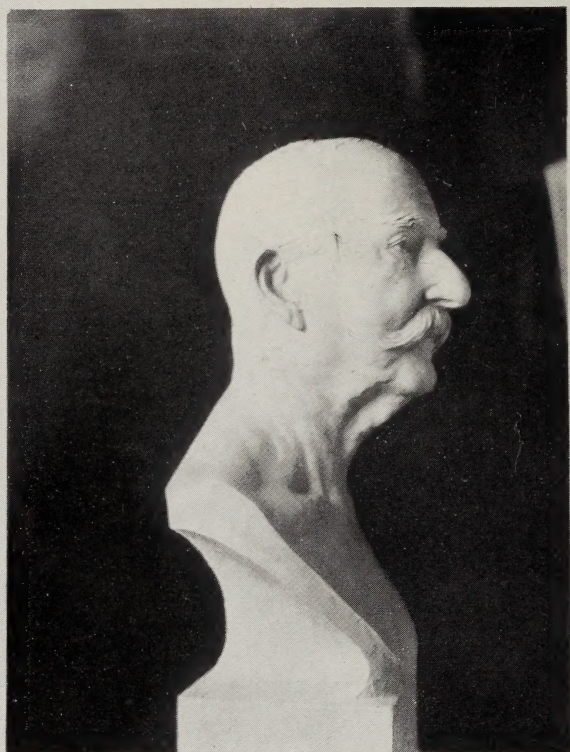


• J. MARR, REGISTRAR •  
CLASSICS



• J.A. CUNNINGHAM •  
BIOLOGY





*Reproduction of the bust of Edward B. Paul, M.A., LL.D., by Earl Clark,  
Art Instructor of the Victoria High School*





## A Tribute

And tenderly and gladly we recall  
Him who was chief and master of us all.  
We were his loyal subjects. He endeared  
Himself to us a hundred ways. We feared  
His thunderous summer storms of anger, rare  
And just. The boldest did not dare  
To scoff at his authority. We loved  
His full and frequent laughter, for it moved  
Our own by its infectious, fresh delight.  
And often has he led our thoughts aright  
By some quick jest. As each successive year  
Brought us to his own penetralia near,  
Our friend, companion, leader he became  
Until I think we loved his very name.  
With him we knew Aeneas on the seas,  
And sat with Horace under Sabine trees.  
And always he enriched our lesson times  
With anecdotes and tales of other climes.  
And free and gladly he for us outpoured  
The treasures in his mind so richly stored.  
So when time came to go, our chief regret  
Was leaving him we never could forget.



The above beautiful tribute to Dr. Paul was written by Mrs. Clifford Goddard, of Vancouver. Mrs. Goddard, as Miss Lillian Mowat, was a pupil of Dr. Paul at Victoria High School more than twenty years ago. The extract given here shows how much this brilliant pupil (Miss Mowat was a medallist) appreciated the privilege of studying with and knowing her gifted teacher.



## To the Class of 1927-28

IT IS ALWAYS a matter of difficulty to write or speak words adequate to express one's feelings on the occasion of the breaking of ties which have for long bound him to his fellows. However, in the case of my leaving the position of Principal of Victoria College that difficulty is not so great as it might have been, because the Board of School Trustees, when accepting my resignation, very kindly requested me to remain in touch with the College by giving a weekly lecture there. I have thus been spared the pain of complete separation from my friends of the Faculty and of the Undergraduate Body, and the only change in our relations has been that I am no longer Principal. But I regard that change as a happy one, not only because it has given me a welcome rest, but especially because I have been succeeded as Head by our good friend, Principal Elliott, than whom the Board could not have selected a better man. His earlier connection with McGill University College and later with the University of British Columbia, and his association with Victoria College since its inception in 1920, have imbued him with the traditions, short though they are, of University Education in British Columbia, and of the College in particular. I need not speak to you, who know him so well, of his efficiency as a teacher, his charming personality, his interest in all College activities, and above all, his real affection for his students. No wonder I left my former office with the confidence that the College would be in good hands, and that its progress in numbers and efficiency would be accelerated under his rule!

As the space allotted to me by your worthy Editor is limited, I should like to allude, before closing this letter, to the personal benefits I have received at the hands of my young friends of the College. Not only have I always received the utmost courtesy and kindness from students past and present, but through my daily association with them they have unconsciously communicated to me a portion of their own youthful spirit and "joy of living," which has permeated my whole being and which I trust I shall never lose. For this great boon, my love and gratitude.

With the assistance of such excellent teachers as now constitute the Faculty of the College and with the continuance of the wise policy of support and encouragement hitherto pursued by the Board and the Department of Education, it does not require an inspired prophet to foretell that Victoria College will achieve a great reputation and that its future may surpass our most sanguine expectations.

—E. B. PAUL.





# EDITORIAL



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....	FRANK RENDLE
CO-EDITORS.....	SARAH RANKIN, BRIAN TOBIN
BUSINESS MANAGER.....	GORDON GODWIN
BUSINESS ASSISTANT.....	HARRY MADDAFORD
BUSINESS ASSISTANT.....	HENRY RUTTAN
BUSINESS ASSISTANT.....	GORDON GILMORE
ART EDITOR.....	MARGARET SANDERSON

A FEW short weeks will soon mark the close of the eighth year in the history of Victoria College. Since its inception in 1920 its outstanding success has amply justified its inauguration and repaid a hundred-fold the efforts of its founders. Not a little of this success is due to the untiring work of our beloved ex-principal and professor, Dr. Paul. It is with the keenest regret that we see him retire from active teaching, but the results of his untiring labour will always abide with us. A capable successor to the office of principal is Mr. P. H. Elliott, who, with Miss Jeanette A. Cann and Madame Sanderson-Mongin, has been associated with the College since its beginning.

This year we welcome three new members to the faculty: Miss Ruth Humphrey, instructor in English, a graduate of Oxford; Mr. J. Marr, registrar and professor of classics, who is "frae Aberdeen"; and Mr. W. H. Gage, instructor in mathematics, from our mother university. The appointment of Mr. E. S. Farr and Mr. J. A. Cunningham to the permanent staff has brought the personnel up to nine.

We believe this is a fitting place to express the general appreciation of the student body for the greatly enlarged facilities provided by the reorganization of the library. Much credit is due to the faculty and those students who have



filled the onerous duties of librarian. We hope that for the forthcoming term there will be a permanent appointment to this important office.

In all branches of our activities during the past year we have met with remarkable success. Especially is this so in the sphere of athletics, accounts of which will be found elsewhere. Suffice it to say that during the U. B. C. invasion at Christmas, and also during our return visit, our teams carried off more honours than ever before in the annals of the College.

It is with both pleasure and pride that we look back upon our activities of the past two years, yet it is with feelings of sincere regret that we sever our connection with College and students and our associations with the various professors. Some of us will now continue our studies elsewhere, many will undertake work in the different tasks of life. But if we have gained a deeper understanding of and a greater sympathy for our fellow man; if we have learned how to accept gracefully victory or defeat; if we have acquired higher ideals in life; and finally, if we realize that the noblest task in life is Service, our sojourn here has not been in vain.

We tender our thanks to all those who have so generously assisted in the production of this Annual: to the members of the faculty for their kindly criticism and help, to the student body for their whole-hearted support, and to the business managers who are responsible for a major part of our financial success.

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## THE STUDENTS BESEECH THEIR PROFESSORS NOT TO FORGET THEIR HARD STUDY AND TRUE INTENT

(With apologies to Sir Thomas Wyatt)

Forget not yet the hard intent  
Of all our study—papers rent—  
Our hours of labour sadly spent;  
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet, since first we came  
To College it has been the same,  
Work, work until our brains were maim,  
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the hard essays,  
The cruel tests, the long, long days,  
And homework—trial in many ways—  
Forget not yet!

But why say we "Forget not yet?"  
'Twere better—having trials met,  
And school days past, now forward set—  
Soon to forget!





## Dr. E. B. Paul

**I**T WOULD be extremely difficult for anyone to give an adequate survey of all that Doctor Paul has done in forwarding the educational interests of this Province, particularly those of Victoria. From the date of his first arrival in British Columbia, forty-two years ago, he has exerted a profound influence in educational circles.

To give an account of Dr. Paul's connections with the educational life of Victoria would be to detail the important steps in that phase of Victoria's development. From 1902 to 1908, during which period he obtained an affiliation with McGill University, Dr. Paul was the principal of the Victoria High School. Then from 1908 to 1920 in the capacity of Municipal Inspector of Schools, he continued to render efficient and beneficial service to this city. The year 1920, the most important of all, saw the culmination of Dr. Paul's most cherished project, the greatest of his many services to Victoria.

For years he had been advancing, for the consideration of the U. B. C. Senate and Board of Governors, the idea of establishing a College here; a College which should offer a curriculum enabling students to obtain standing in the first and second year Arts, and which would be in affiliation with the U. B. C. In 1920, by virtue of his own earnest work and the sympathetic co-operation of the Victoria School Board, Parliament was induced to pass an amendment to the University Act which resulted in the inauguration of the Victoria College.

Dr. Paul was appointed first principal of this institution, and for seven years he continued to give his whole-hearted support to the students in all branches of their athletic and academic activities. The splendid manner in which Dr. Paul carried out his numerous duties as principal of Victoria College has earned him the respect and admiration of all those with whom he has come in contact.

Those of us who were fortunate in being his pupils deeply appreciate Dr. Paul's worth as a professor. In the lecture room he combined a genial personality with a profound knowledge of the classics, and he has done much to make Latin one of the most popular courses at College. He has been an infinitely patient teacher sparing neither time nor energy in explaining obscure passages of the old languages; and due to his tireless efforts, we have derived some knowledge of the Ancients while enjoying the privilege of companionship with a great classical scholar.

But Dr. Paul has done more than that. He has given to the students an appreciation of those gentlemanly characteristics found in the true scholar. In all, we are confident that few men are dearer to those who have worked under them than is Dr. Paul to the past and present students of Victoria College.

To him, our Principal Emeritus, we offer, through this inadequate medium, the homage of our sincere appreciation.



## The Heirloom

### WINNING ESSAY

**I**T LIES before me now, exquisite in its delicacy and symmetry, a jewelled toy—a snuff-box. The golden bed of the lid is patterned with enamelling of sapphire-blue. The sides are etched and fretted with a tracery of golden vine-stems and leaves. The back shows its age plainly, for it is so worn that the initials R.M., engraved in flowing, old-fashioned script, are barely legible. I know enough of our family history to place its original owner, Richard Mohun, soldier, courtier, adventurer, lover, and very much a man.

His portrait hangs over the fireplace on my right. He is dark, a little above the middle height, and of nervous and alert bearing. The eyes are well placed; the chin firm. The nose is bold and well cut. I should judge his age to be about twenty-eight or thirty. His whole attitude of cynicism and pride seems to say, "Here I am, and be damned to you."

His treatment of the Ferrers incident was typical. It happened at White's. Young Ferrers suggested that Mohun's success at cards was not entirely due to luck. Mohun withdrew in contemptuous silence. His friends made the necessary arrangements concerning weapons and grounds. To their plans Mohun gave indifferent acquiescence. On the morning of the duel he appeared on the field at sunrise, spotlessly dressed and cool as death. He accepted a sword from an anxious second. Followed a moment's guard, the scrape of steel on steel—and a graceful forward lunge by Mohun. I can imagine the snuff-box in his hand as he and his seconds turned away from the slack figure on the grass.

A Dandy? Certainly! Often he was to be seen exchanging pleasantries with his friends, or making careless acknowledgment of compliments paid to the beauty or value of the snuff-box, his dress, or the delicacy of his taste. He would lounge in Almack's commenting on the turn of a shoulder or ankle, flicking an imaginary speck from a spotless ruffle. To Mohun, however, this inactivity soon proved galling, and he betook himself to the more thrilling pastimes found at the coffee-house or the gaming table.

There it was that the chilled control of the man was most apparent. His reputation for imperturbability, win or lose, was widely spread. That summer evening is still famous on which he entered Almack's, lost £11,000 in fifteen minutes, and left the house with a cool "Good evening, gentlemen." Equally nonchalant was he on the night on which he came to the house pledged to start with a stake of £2. By morning, between Vanloo and Lansquenet, he had won £4,500 and Sir Harry Thimblestone's beloved pair of greys. The latter he returned. Thimblestone was no more fond of his greys than was Mohun of his chestnut tandem. The account of the race between Mohun, with his tandem, and Sir Percy Hoate, with his four-in-hand, can be found in "The Times." The course was from London to Rugby.





The race arose out of personal rivalry, and each wagered a thousand pounds on his own chances. Half way to Rugby, Hoate was in the lead. Mohun tried to pass, but the four-in-hand held the centre of the road. With horses on the stretched gallop and carriage swaying and rocking, Mohun tore into the ditch—one wheel in the ditch and the other on the rocky slope between it and the road. Mohun whirled past Hoate who slashed him twice across the face as the horses galloped abreast. Mohun gave no sign, but drove on, to win the race handily. When the stakeholder came to Mohun with the money he refused it, saying quietly that he "only raced with gentlemen."

There is foundation for these stories as the chronicles of the time prove. But I am sure the snuff-box was present on many occasions of which there is no record. It must have seen Mohun contemptuously waving away rivals in love; have seen tailors and merchants not unreasonably asking payment for value given; have seen Mohun's annihilating sweep of the hand which damned poet or player. The snuff-box must have been with him in the gallant gesture which cost him his life.

Mohun was present at the battle of Oudenarde as a gentleman-adventurer attached to His Majesty's Foot Gards. Here his cold courage, biting scorn for cowardice or incompetency, and his control of himself and the men under him marked him for leadership. Thus, on the eve of Malplaquet Mohun found himself in charge of a company. When the battle broke he was in the thickest of the fighting. Eventually he and his men advanced so far as to be completely surrounded by the enemy. Overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers, Mohun and his men fought, hopelessly. With a shout of "The Guard stays," Mohun went down.

After the battle Mohun's friends found his body, and gave it a soldier's burial. His jewels were sent to England, to Joseph Blaithe, Mohun's cousin.

In Joseph Blaithe there was to be found even more of the common-place than there was of the extraordinary in Richard Mohun. Blaithe owned sailing vessels plying between Jamaica and England. Each week-day his carriage called at the house at 8.45 a.m., and took him to the office. Here he remained until 4.30 p.m. Lunch provided a break at noon, and tea completed a day's work. On Sunday he went to church—once. The rest of the day was spent in eating three excellent meals, drinking much excellent wine, and dozing before a roaring open fire.

Certainly Blaithe used snuff, but not the gaudy container handed on to him from his cousin. He looked upon it as a symbol of unthriftiness and reckless living, never having approved of Mohun's looseness and ever-ready generosity. Why a man should need such an article was to him incomprehensible. He used an old horn box which seemed to answer its purpose well enough.

When Blaithe died his property fell to his niece, a maiden lady of forty-six years. She regarded snuff, tobacco, and any beverage other than tea as inventions of the devil. Thus Mohun's pride, the snuff-box was well hidden



in the depths of a very large trunk, for fear that Emily Watts' friends should learn of her possession of such an article. Suddenly Emily startled her acquaintances by marrying a man who smoked, used snuff, and drank to excess. Their only child was my grandmother.

Thus the snuff-box came . . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

A smoking log rolled out on to the hearth. Dazedly, I sat up, made aware by the warning purr of the grandfather clock that already too much time had passed in idle reverie.

—R. J. M.

NOTE: The essays in the first year Annual Essay Contest were judged by Mr. Dilworth, Principal of the Victoria High School.—Ed.

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## LOST LOVE

In the heart of a glistening dewdrop,  
In the wild wind's sob and sigh,  
In the fleecy cloud and the flight of a bird,  
I know my love goes by.

For I lost my love in the long ago,  
And I never saw her again;  
So I look for her 'neath the summer sky,  
And in the winter rain.

And still I search in the chilly dark,  
And in the broad daylight;  
But I know I shall never find her again  
Till my day is lost in night.

But I know she is hiding near me,  
And I know she sees me now,  
For I hear her voice in the passing wind,  
Feel her cool hands on my brow.





## In Ranaville

**A**FTER a busy day in the lab., I laid me down to sleep, and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold I was a frog, clothed in a spotted suit of green.

I found myself following my confreres to a mass meeting where a noble specimen of Ranaville, better known as Elder Super-frog, was addressing his congregation.

"Beware, oh my beloved, of the sins of this world, 'for the wages of sin is death'. If you transgress the laws of life, you are sure to fall into the hands of mammoth two-legged diaboloi most terrible to behold. Their very feet are large enough to kill the greatest among us, if he should walk in their ways. Woe unto him who is led by the sin of curiosity, to traverse the paths of their satanic leaders, whose long, flowing black gowns are as the shadow of death.

"I have warned you incessantly of these evils; yet you will not depart from your sinful ways. He who hears, and does not obey, shall be as, our three poor brethren who are now suffering the direst cruelties.

"Last night their spirits visited me, and told me their sad story. They had gone, contrary to the commands of their parents, to explore the realms beyond the bounds of this our country. As they were going along the broad way, which leadeth unto destruction, they discovered a black-gowned demon approaching them. Alas! it was too late to repent and come back. All was lost. They were seized and carried to Hades, their laboratory of torture, where a troupe of this cruel being's kin were waiting to inflict punishment upon them. There they had their skins torn off and their flesh scraped from their bones. All their bodies were torn asunder, bone from bone; their jaws severed, and worst of all, their brains cut out and triumphantly waved on long black spikes. Then all that remained of their earthly bodies was thrown into consuming flames.

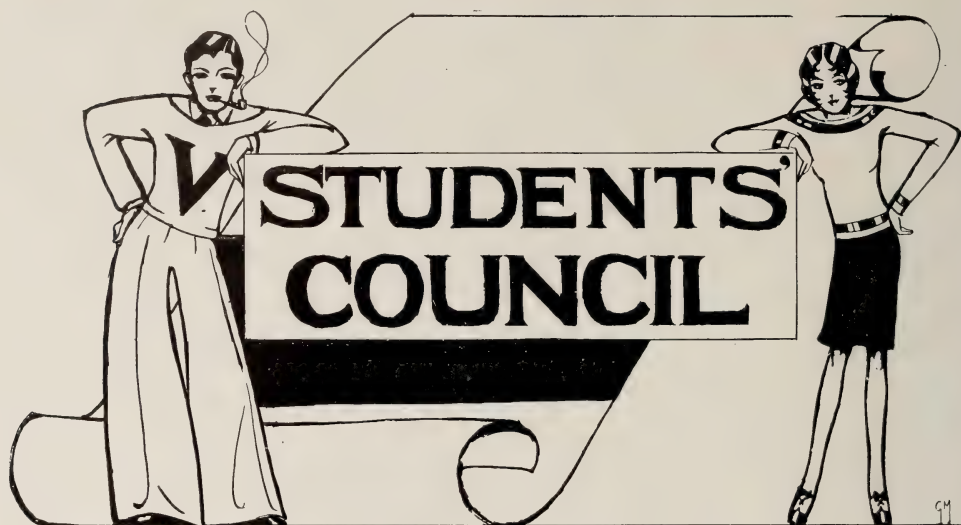
"Remember, oh my flock, the exhortation which I have given you from time to time, and in so doing you will escape such perils and attain the glorious goal of faithful frogs."

The address ended, the president led us in croaking the National Anthem:

"Of noble frogs, the Friend,  
Our marshy homes defend;  
Guard thou our race.  
With plenteous bugs supply;  
Our cunning foes defy;  
Bless thou our progeny,  
Guard thou our race."

At the sound of the great "Amen," I awoke.

—W. K.



**A**S THE session of 1927-28 draws rapidly to a close, we take this opportunity of thanking the faculty and student body for their generous support and co-operation during the past year. We also wish to express our heartfelt gratitude to our new principal, Professor Elliott, for his judicious and helpful advice. We have certainly "needed him in our business!"

On behalf of the members of the Council, we wish to extend a welcome to the new members of the faculty, Professor Marr, Professor Gage and Miss Humphrey; also to Professor Farr and Professor Cunningham, whom, we are pleased to say, we no longer have to "share" with Victoria High School.

It is with a feeling of pleasure that we look back over the events of the year. The social functions have left us all with very pleasant memories, which we feel sure will stay with us throughout the coming years.

Our athletic teams are particularly deserving of our appreciation. Due to their excellent work, both the Varsity and our return invasions were signally successful; and, indeed, on every occasion they have taken victory or defeat in the spirit of true sportmanship.

This year's play promises to uphold the high standard set by previous College presentations and it is with lively anticipation that we are looking forward to its performance.

The Literary Society has given us a number of very enjoyable and educational evenings, and a word of praise is most assuredly due to the untiring efforts of its officers.

Let us not forget our Annual Board, either, and the hours of hard work spent to make this publication a success. We are indeed grateful to the Editor and his excellent staff.





And now it is with a feeling of sadness that we pass the keys of office to the Council of 1928-29, and take our place with the ex-students of Victoria College. We feel that the year has not been a failure, financially or socially, and in parting we extend to the new Council our sincere wishes for every success in the forthcoming year.

William Robbins, President,

Constance Wilson, Secretary.

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### THOUGHTS AT THE SEASHORE ON A SUMMER'S EVE

O gently swirling, amaranthine waves,  
The "violet deep" of Homer's forceful staves,  
Break softly at my feet!  
This sweetly mild, purpureal summer's eve,  
Beyond the scope of human artistry,  
A breathless, lingering unreality.  
My heart doth beat  
In overflowing gratitude. I grieve  
That beauty such as this should transient be,  
In velvet dark to fade away from me  
In hushed retreat.  
And now I stand alone. Gone is that glimpse  
Of visionary, of idyllic beauty. Ah, the nymphs!  
I hear them, dainty, fleet,  
As they dance outward with the dying light.  
They melt into the balmy, breathing night.  
And shall their faery bark, ere morning, sight  
The far-off shores of Crete?

—W. R.

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The old apple tree hasn't anything on some family trees when it comes to being shady.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And now," said the editor of the tabloid sheet, ordering red headlines on his front and last pages, "I shall burn my scandal at both ends."



## The Ryoei Maru

### SECOND PLACE ESSAY

**D**AWN was breaking over the "land of the rising sun." Between the hills and far down the water from the little harbour, where the black and sluggish river joined the ocean, a reddened haze began to grow. Then as it reflected its light towards the East—towards the misty hills, and far back towards the snow-capped mountain Fujiyama—a stranger might have been seen standing above the bay and viewing the little village of Wakayama, with his dark, lithe figure silhouetted against the lighting sky.

For three days and three nights Saigo Takamori had walked, fleeing from the law: now he could walk no farther. "Now free, am I to remain so, or pay the inevitable penalty of guilt?"—and on his tired face fell a shadow of doubt. At first his eyes swept the bay, the fishing vessels and numerous bamboo huts without apparent concern. All at once he started. His alert ears had heard a slight bustle of activity, and then he noticed a thin spiral of smoke rising from a fishing smack near the shore. Saigo's mind vacillated in indecision. Suddenly he made a quick motion, turned and descended resolutely towards the village. For the second time nature's instinct had won the battle.

One month had elapsed since the Ryoei Maru left Wakayama and the little bay far behind. It was noon, and while three of the crew slept, the others were mending fish nets in the fierce heat of the sun. Amid the usual mixture of tarry hemp, ill-smelling seaweed, and slimy sardines, the energetic Saigo paused. He looked up, and a habitual grin spread over his thin face. "No more 'washi' soon, Takizo," he said, "we had better go south. I have seen the ducks go down, and besides, there are too many boats here."

Life had been hard for Takizo Miki during the past few months. When he purchased the Ryoei Maru he felt certain that it would prove profitable; but last year he had barely managed to pay for the ship's repairs. Now this season the fishing was poor.

Yet Buddha had shown him much mercy. When about to depart, Saigo, seeking work, had come, thus completing the crew of six. Saigo, the silent, was the best worker he had ever had. His willing hands had caught more fish than any of the crew; his deft fingers, confident of success, had mended the engine once; three times he had correctly advised Takizo where was the best fishing. Yes, Saigo was a good man. And yet he sometimes puzzled Takizo. The petty ills of life seldom disturbed him; yet, like all the Japanese, when he had reached the limit of equanimity, his subsequent depression was very intense. For days his tight lips lost their easy smile, his polite efflorescence of apt conversation would be edged with an irritant sharpness. And once, when they had passed a mail-ship, a strange look had appeared on Saigo's lean face. But now Takizo would follow Saigo's advice and go farther south, leaving the frequented waters—the fishing could not well be worse.





A spasm of relief brought Saigo's spirits back, for at last he had avoided the neighbouring ships, and danger of identity. Once Takizo Miki had gone south, he would stay south; for it took a long time for Takizo, the patient, to think, and he seldom changed his mind.

But relief does not dwell with the guilty. The next week brought calm, with a broken engine: the fishing, once better, was now worse than ever.

That night Saigo thought: "Had he not often heard the fate of boats, separated from the fleet—becalmed or blown to sea? And was not Buddha merciful to the repentant—and there was a long steel blade, for cleaning fish, under his bunk?" But Saigo wondered again about the calm, and then wondered what Miki would do if he knew. Again that shadow of doubt passed through his mind, and he quivered undecided. Then slowly Saigo rose from his bunk and walked steadily towards the pilot-house. Miki was writing in a log. He looked up as the door opened, and heard the man he knew say, with a quiet, calm face: "Saigo, the robber, confesses his guilt. I hand myself over to the law." But Miki's face never changed. The subject never arose again between them.

And then the wind came. At first it was a soft noise in the East, gradually increasing to a roar. The first blast sent the eighty-five-foot Ryoei Maru on her beam and port bow, but gradually by the force of the wind on her hulk she gathered way. Takizo took the helm and steered before the wind out to sea. By morning the Ryoei Maru was drifting blindly in the Pacific, six men on board, food for one week and water for two. The bilges were flooded and the engine beyond repair.

For a week she drifted, and then the first signs of discontent began among the crew by general grumbling and sulkiness. More than half the rice was eaten and the water was going fast; yet not an hour was wasted. All day and night two men stayed on watch, while three slept. Saigo never slept but made unceasing efforts to mend the broken engine, which were always fruitless.

On Tuesday, a week later, the sullen grumbling had turned to ill-temper. That day saw the last of the water; yet Saigo's energy never failed, and Miki never despaired. They made distilled water by using the gasoline left, and tried every means to preserve hope and peace among the crew; only one watched now, while the others slept. Such sails as were still undamaged, they rigged to the two masts in hope of a breeze. It was then that Bizan, the strongest hand, refused to work. Miki could do nothing, and all that day there was much talk in the back cabin. It was Saigo's turn to watch, but as he had worked hard Miki took his place on the little deck.

Late that night Miki went to sleep and dreamed he was sailing home to Wakayama and the pleasant bay beneath the hill, with a cargo of fish. Meanwhile there were noises in the aft of the vessel, and soon the stealthy body of a bare-foot Jap stole forward. Then there was a scuffle, a knife flashed in the moonlight and Takizo Miki lived no more.

There is an uncanny sense of danger, an ancient relic of animal instinct, which sometimes warns us of eminent peril. Saigo turned in his bunk. Then, opening his eyes, he grabbed a knife and ran to the door of the cabin, where,



dazed, he witnessed the murder. Suddenly he sprang to action; made a frenzied leap at the naked Bizan—but Bizan dodged. There was another flash of steel and the two fell on to the deck—one with a knife in his back. Then three more knives flashed in the moonlight and Saigo died in the arms of the stabbed Bizan.

\* \* \* \* \*

On November 2, 1927, the Mary Dollar sighted a Japanese derelict off Puget Sound. On investigation the decayed bodies of three men were found in their bunks, while further mystery was added by the presence of some bones on the forward deck. It was supposed that the crew had resorted to cannibalism. After the fated craft was towed to Seattle, an investigation was held by the Japanese Consul by which the ship was identified as the Ryoei Maru, owned by Takizo Miki, of Wakayama, and it was stated that she had drifted across the Pacific. All the crew were said to have perished.

—William Lawson.

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## The Literary Society of Celebrated Shades

"WELL, DOCTOR," said Shakespeare, from his place at the head of the long table, "and how is the Dictionary of Modern Slang progressing?"

"Not very well," replied Johnson, shaking his head. "I haven't been able to find the full meaning of 'cute', for one thing. Webster says its meant 'clever' in his day, but now it seems to mean almost anything. I tell you it's a hopeless job!"

Shakespeare laughed and looked about the large, comfortable room. It was well lighted by numerous tapers, a fire crackled merrily in the fireplace, and the rain, pattering dismally against the window panes, accentuated the cheerfulness within. The various members of the Shades' Literary Society were sitting around the table, talking among themselves, until it was time for their president, Mr. William Shakespeare, to bring the meeting to order.

"Where is Coleridge tonight, Wordsworth?" asked Sir Walter Raleigh, lighting a twist of his beloved tobacco.

"I'm afraid he caught cold in the rain, when we were out for our walk today. I persuaded him to stay in tonight and take some hot lemon. Oh, and by the way, Isaak, how was the fishing?"

"Excellent," replied Walton. "I caught twenty after you went by. Never found a stream on Earth like this good old Styx for trout, and this rain made them bite all the better."

Just then a knock was heard on the door.

"Come in," called Pope.

The door opened, and in came Charon, shaking the rain from his flowing, white beard. He was closely followed by a pitiful-looking mortal, wearing horn-rimmed glasses. He was enveloped in a long yellow slicker, fantastically decorated with animals, girls, and many strange symbols.

"Who is this, Charon?" asked Shakespeare.





"New arrival—wants to be a member of your society—says he has literary ability—don't know myself, but have my doubts!" Saying which the old man gave his beard another shake and went out to make one more trip across the river before bedtime.

"What is your name?" asked Milton, leaning forward. All eyes were turned upon the newcomer.

"Algernon Fitzgerald," replied the youth, playing nervously with his hat.

"From where do you come?" Milton asked next.

"Victoria College."

"You studied English?"

"Yes, sir."

"You wrote essays there?"

"Yes, sir—sixteen of them."

"With what success?"

"Got 'A' for most of them."

"Have you done anything else?"

"I've written several poems, would you care to read some of them?" queried Algernon, dipping into his slicker pocket and bringing forth a small black notebook which he handed to Milton and waited while the immortal poet read his attempts.

Milton opened the book at the first page, and read:-

### "ONE MORNING"

"Our hall is very dark.  
So dark that  
One morning  
I failed  
To see  
That step.  
Crash!  
The hall seemed suddenly  
Lighted,  
As are the heavens at night."

"Shows promise," nodded Milton approvingly, as he gave the book to Pope for his perusal.

"Let me see it," said Bunyan.

"What do you know about poetry?" asked Milton contemptuously. "I've no fault to find with your prose, but your verse is abominable."

"At least I didn't make a hero out of Satan," retorted Bunyan sarcastically.

"Very good, on the whole," said Pope. "Listen, fellow-members!" Saying which he proceeded to read several of the poems aloud.

"Bravo!" shouted the Shades in chorus, when he had finished. Algernon's eyes glowed with pride.

"I move that Algernon Fitzgerald be made a member of the Literary Society of Celebrated Shades," said Milton.

"I second that motion," said Pope.



"You have heard the motion, gentlemen," said Shakespeare. "All in favour?"

"Aye!" shouted the members in unison.

"Against?" Silence.

"You are duly received as a member of our society, Mr. Fitzgerald," said Shakespeare.

"Good boy!" applauded Ben Jonson, thumping him vigorously as Algernon took his place beside him at the table.

"Order, gentlemen," thundered Shakespeare, ringing a large bell which was near him on the table. "Let us now proceed to the discussion of this evening's business, namely, 'Should there or should there not be rhythm in poetry?'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come on, Algy, wake up, old boy! Bell's gone and we're late for English now!"

Algernon opened his sleepy eyes, looked stupidly up at his college chum, told him to "quit thumping his back," yawned, turned over on the bench in the common room, and muttering something about a Literary Society and not having to go to English any more, immediately went to sleep again.

—Constance Wilson.

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### THE EVENING STAR

The dying gasp of the breeze has flown;  
The sleeping sea lies calmly blue;  
Above the mountains with trees o'ergrown,  
The Evening Star sails into view.

A lonely bark on a tinted sea  
Of fire and rose and golden glow,  
Across the waves of eternity,  
Drifting with winds that softly blow.

Upon the sleeping earth shines her light  
Of twinkling brightness and of love.  
The crane, hoarse-throated, calls to the night  
And to the Star of Eve above.

—D. R. B.



## The Alumni Society

THE Alumni Society of Victoria College is an organization that exists perhaps unknown to many of you. Knowing that present students would naturally be interested in such a Society, your editor has kindly suggested that we acquaint you with it through the medium of your Annual. For this space we are very grateful.

On June 19, 1926, sixteen former students gathered at Craigdarroch to decide upon a means of uniting the ex-members of the College. The feeling was unanimous that Victoria College was now old enough, that graduating students would have derived sufficient pleasure from their years spent there and have felt enough for their Alma Mater, that they might be desirous of banding together to preserve old friendships and materially aid the institution.

We are all more than pleased to say that those sixteen former students have never had cause to lose faith in their desire; for since its inception our Alumni has thrived to the extent that it now has a bank account of its own. Every meeting has resulted in a happy recall of the "good old days" and a keen interest in the present doings of our former classmates.

Our inaugural meeting, held last June, was a distinct success. One hundred and twenty enthusiastic ex-students gathered in their old assembly on the hill for the purpose of organization. A strong executive was elected, Harry Dee being president. A constitution was drawn up, a membership fee of one dollar was decided upon, and an annual meeting for the coming summer was proposed. Your principal, Prof. Elliott, and Prof. Farr expressed their hopes in the future of our society and the meeting concluded with an informal dance.

Since then several meetings on a smaller scale have been held.

The Alumni has desired that each year it might donate some useful gift to the College of its birth as a token of continued loyalty.

This year we hope to present to Victoria College a magnificent bust of Dr. Paul, a dear friend of all who studied under him. The bust is a living likeness in bronze executed by Earl Clark, of the High School staff, a former pupil of Dr. Paul's.

No finer gift could be chosen, we feel, nor one more appropriate to the growth of a splendid tradition around the institution which Dr. Paul loved so well; and we are confident that you students who are now at Victoria College will rally to our ranks in this endeavour when the time comes to to go away. We look forward to counting you as members.

Jack L. Shadbolt, Secretary,  
Alumni Society of Victoria College.





## Personals

### ISABELLA BROOMFIELD BEVERIDGE

"Hey, somebody, how do you translate this?" With her nose buried in a book, Ella may be seen meandering up to College—in a street car—at very unusual hours, for she is one of those strange partial students. Last year she did not grace Victoria College with her cheery presence; she was in such places as Scotland, England and France. Of course, we aren't jealous! Ella is quiet and industries—sometimes!! but she's a wow when it comes to Logic.

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer."

### ETHEL HANNAH BROWN

A very quiet young lady is Ethel, but one who is always ready to lend a hand when anyone of the rest of us is in sore distress. Last year she was at Normal and we are sure she will be successful in the future, as she has been in the past. Chief idiosyncrasies: regular attendance at lectures, and arriving one or two hours earlier than she need in the morning. A good example of a home-grown product.

"Success is in the silences,  
Though fame be in the song."

### KATHLEEN BROWN

The damsel with the captivating smile. If you don't believe me, men, just glance at her photograph. Kay is the kind of girl who is an inspiration to poets. Wavy dark hair, brown eyes, with something of a profound, brooding melancholy within their depths. Good Lord! I'm becoming maudlin. We admire her calm, unhurried manner of walking, and the philosophic yet dreamy expression with which she endures the ravings of professors. In fact, we secretly believe that Kay has that elusive and much-coveted quality—poise.

### MERVYN P. CAVERHILL

One of our most youthful-appearing "Sophs." His smooth pink and white complexion is the envy of many members of both sexes. He is particularly addicted to ice-hockey, but otherwise is O. K.

### MARJORIE CLARK

Marjorie hails from Gordon Head. She is a graduate of Victoria High School, where she distinguished herself in several school activities. But she is probably chiefly known by everyone for her ready sympathy and willingness to help. Marjorie will always get along in this world because she has the faculty of enjoying herself and yet has learned to appreciate the value of studying while the opportunity affords it.

### MARY CULLUM

Mary is modest and unwilling to talk about herself, but we all think her one of the sweetest and tallest girls in Arts '30. According to herself:

"I never felt the kiss of love  
Nor a gentle hand in mine"

but looking into her eyes we have our doubts.

### HILDA COPELAND

One of our most vigorous rooters at rugby games, when not playing basketball. Her innocent expression makes us realize more and more that "appearances are deceiving." Billie showed her powers of discernment when she "followed the birds" all the way from Okanagan, attracted by the charms of Victoria College.

### ANTHONY EASTON

Tony is the acme of school spirit. He never misses any College sport activities, and is always ready to give the use of his car to the transportation committee for outside games. Moreover, he was one of the players who made the College Play such a success. Tony's cheerful grin and ability to do French have made him a friend of the entire College. Tony hails from Dover, England, and matriculated from Oak Bay High School.

### RENA FLEMING

Born Victoria, B.C. Matriculated Oak Bay High, 1926. Nearly every day we hear Rena woefully exclaim: "I don't know a thing!" only to find after the exams that she really knows a very great deal. However, although she is a very hard worker, that does not prevent her from being one of the most popular girls at College. She is liked by all, and is chiefly noted for her collaboration with Henderson and Brown.



EVAN HENDERSON



ANTHONY EASTER



MARVIN J. WIER



GILBERT MCILMOYLE



EDWARD REED



ELIZABETH JONES



ELLEN HAYWARD



ETHEL BROWN



CLAIRE VINCENT



MELBA CLEVELAND



YERNA MITCHELL



MARK CULLUM



MARJORIE WAITES



MARJORIE CLARK



THELMA HOLLOWAY



MARION HARKNESS



CONSTANCE WILSON



ISABEL BEVERIDGE



FRANK FANGLE



JORDAN JEFF



JOHN FOUSTLER



KATHLEEN WOOTTON





## JOHN B. FOUBISTER

Undoubtedly Johnnie's first plaything was a basketball. He has been on familiar terms with one ever since, so much so that this year he has been Official Coach of the Women's Team, and one of the "indispensables" of the Men's Team. In spite of these honours, he goes his way serenely, the same unassuming, somewhat shy, but well-known and well-liked "Johnnie."

## EDITH GREEN

A demure young lady with a most amazing pair of eyebrows, a keen sense of humour, a happy disposition, and a marked ability for writing descriptive poetry.  
"For who could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company?"

## ROBERT DAVID JORDAN GUY

"Jordie" has the happy faculty of making friends wherever he goes, and his contagious enthusiasm in the capacity of Yell Leader did much to ensure popular support at the rugby games during the year. He came originally from Swift Current, Sask., but arrived in Victoria in time to matriculate from Oak Bay High School. We look forward to seeing Jordie at Varsity next year.

## HELEN HAYWARD

Matriculated Oak Bay High School. Helen wanders up to College for about two subjects. She was up here the year before last, going to Normal last year, but found the lure of the College too strong, and we are glad to say she is with us again. N. B.—Don't phone Helen Friday night.

## MARION HARGREAVES

Marion is one of the quietest and most amiable "Sophs" in spite of her glossy auburn locks. She usually weeps copiously at heart-rending scenes in movies, but we know of one instance when she showed admirable control—we won't mention any names!! We wish her the best of luck in her future career, be it at Varsity or Normal.

## ENA HENDERSON

If, as was said last year, the characters in the play are "made for their parts," Ena is destined to become the matron of an orphanage. However, it is doubtful if even that would diminish the volume of her laugh, and certainly the orphans would be well instructed on the subject of women's rights.

## VIOLET HOLLOWAY

Violet is one of the many students of Victoria College who is genuinely interested in her work, and who is achieving splendid results. But, I assure you "all work and no play" isn't Violet's motto. She can do both and succeed, which is very much to her credit. I might add that Violet is a graduate of Victoria High School and is helping to uphold its excellent reputation.

## ELIZABETH JONES

Betty is one of our deep thinkers. Almost every hour of the day she and her inseparable friend Dorothy can be found up in the Library browsing in some large volume—preferably history, we think. From outward appearances Betty seems to be a very demure maiden, but we have seen her eyes sparkle with a most unholy light of mischief.

## WINNIFRED KEEVIL

Optimistic, cheery, industrious—that's our Winnie! Energetic assistant of Mr. Cunningham in the lab. Winnie always has an answer ready for what appear to us the most excruciating questions. Thus she has pulled us out of many difficult situations. She seems to have an unending supply of extra car tickets.

## MARGARET LIGHTBODY

Favourite occupation: Either one of two things, studying or striving to subdue her unruly locks. Favourite expression: "For the love of Pete!" Members of the Second Year have been trying all year to find out who Pete is, but, alas! in vain. Her principal characteristic seems to be giggling. No one is ever dull when Peg is near. She fairly bubbles over with mirth. Peg is always in a hurry. Soon she won't need to use the stairs in order to reach the top floor, so skilled will she become in dashing from one floor to another.

## DOROTHY MARGISON

One of the few Sophomores who is an example to the Freshies. Dorothy is a quiet maiden with a sunny smile which hides unexpected stores of knowledge. Not content with being a wizard at history and Greek, many an otherwise stormy French lecture is temporarily relieved by her careful translations.





### IAN C. MacQUEEN

Uncertainty fills us as we attempt to record the doings of this dapper youth. However, personal friendship must triumph over excessive honesty. Suffice it to say that Ian's summer occupation of resisting mosquitoes and over-work in the wilds of northern British Columbia apparently determines him to exploit to the fullest the numerous forms of recreation enjoyed by College men. Macqueen's affection for his Alma Mater is attested by his prowess at basketball, and by his highly-appreciated services to the rugby team in his capacity of linesman.

### CHARLES G. McILMOYL

Mac. was born in Victoria, with a rugby ball in his arms. He carried it through Oak Bay High into College, where he has shown his prowess in "pigskin activities" by kicking more drop-goals than any other player in the Intermediate League. Beside being our rugby star, Mac. is head of the men's athletics, and one of the hardest workers on the Students' Council.

### JEANNETTE MILLER

With a cheerful word and happy smile for everyone, Jeannette has won for herself a very warm spot in the hearts of her fellow students. Dull care vanishes when she makes an appearance (especially in the Library). Besides being one of our leading psychologists, she is vice-president of the Literary Society, one of few Greek I. students, a nurse, and an actress of no small merit. Keep on smiling, Jeannette; life can hold nothing but the best for anyone with your attitude of mind!

### YRMA MITCHELL

One of the many who helped maintain the good reputation of Oak Bay High School. Yrma's ready smile, and sweet, even disposition would be an asset to any College. We have noticed how very generous she is in distribution of life-savers during Economics lectures. Usually travels in a buick sedan.

### MARGARET PETTMAN

If it is true that children are always in mischief when quiet, Margaret ought to be watched carefully. She is evidently a believer in "padding," judging by her frequent "er's" in translation. Other marks of distinction are her ability to study in the common-room and the fact that she has joined the ranks of the hair-growers.

### GEORGE PHILLIPS

George is something of an enigma to Arts '30, and various wild rumors have been rife concerning him, but he preserves a dignified silence. Since he joined us last September he has kept pretty well to himself, although attending all College functions. George shows his mettle, however, in English Composition, where he occasionally favours the ears of his awe-struck fellow Sophomores with an admirable literary contribution, ranging in nature from outbursts of poetical rhapsody to phrases of subtle whimsicality.

### CATHERINE ISABELLE PIKE

Isabelle condescends to honour us with her presence for only a few periods a week. We don't know whether she doesn't like us, or whether she is taking a partial course. She is one of the quietest girls in the College, but we all know that "still waters run deep." "Has (puff) the last (puff) bell gone yet?" (puff). Wanted: A special car to call for Isabelle so she won't have to run all the way to College. She was born in Nanaimo and graduated from Victoria High.

"Oh, sleep it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole."

### FRANK RENDLE

We must own to a feeling akin to awe when in the presence of this mature-minded person, whose evident wealth of experience fills us with the utmost respect. In the rabid, yes, and Rabelaisian discussions that oft times permeate the common-room atmosphere, he may be discerned off to one side, taking no part in the verbal conflict, except to utter some cryptical remark bordering on the Shavian. However, Frank is anything but a coldly-alooof cynic, as those who know him can testify. Incidentally, a great deal of this publication's success is due to his editorial ability.

### WILLIAM ROBBINS

Bill's cheerful grin and sophomoric frown are familiar to everyone in and around the College, and the successful manner in which he has carried the presidency of the Students' Council and mediated between faculty and student body has received universal approval and admiration. He was president of the Players' Club last year and the success of the production was due in no small part to his untiring work on its behalf and to his fine characterization of "Dearth." Bill's other attainments include a place on the rugby team and a remarkable ability to write prose and verse.



MARY SCOTT



IAN MCQUEEN



WILLIAM ROBBINS



BRIAN TOBIN



MARGARET ROSS



DOROTHY MACDONALD



RUTH WALCOTT



KATHLEEN SCROGGIE



EDITH GREEN

SOPHOMORE STUDENTS



ANGELA WRIGHT



MABEL SLIMMING



CECILIA SKRIMSHIRE



VIDA SHANDLEY



JEANETTE MILLER



REGINALD WOODS



GEORGE PHILLIPS



KATHLEEN BROWN



WINIFRED SEDRIL



MARGARET PETTMAN



ARTHUR STOTT



MARGARET LIGHTBODY



RENA FLEMING





## MARGARET ROSS

Margie manages somehow to star in all subjects and yet miss none of the fun at College. She exercises the right of Votes for Women in the Students' Council, of which she is treasurer; wields a wicked stick as full-back on the Grass Hockey Team, and besides finds time to assist in all college functions. Margie won the scholarship for the most proficient student when a Freshette, and bids fair to make many Sophs strive for their laurels this year. No matter what the task is she is mistress of the situation even to the extent of forcing many male Sophs to eat out of her hand.

## MARGARET SANDESON

Marguerite, alias "Margot," alias "Sandy," is conspicuous for her absence during lectures. However, she does occasionally appear, that is, when we have French and English. "Margot" is blessed with the gift of being able to speak, and also to write equally as well in French as in English, and consequently shines in both studies. She is a member of the Annual Board, and rumour goes that she can manage the "males" extremely well. Marguerite is also an artist of no mean talent, and helped in making Valentine panels for the Annual Ball.

## MARY SCOTT

It is very fortunate that the Invasion occurs only once a year. Our beautiful fair-haired "Scotty" became so excited about going to see the monkeys in Stanley Park that her concern lest she might not be able to save enough money to buy the necessary peanuts banished all thoughts of study.

## KATHLEEN SCROGGIE

A quiet, unassuming botanist-to-be, cheerful, patient and conscientious in all her work and very much worthwhile. Best of luck to you in the future, Kathleen!

## VIDA SHANDLEY

Vida matriculated from St. Margaret's School, which is probably one reason why she is such an excellent French student. Although Vida appears quiet and demure to most, those who know her better are not so sure.

What will I say? What can I say?  
That will this maiden's charm portray?

## CECILIA SKRIMSHIRE

Though the smallest member of the Second Year, "Skrimmy" holds a very important office—that of receiving the confidences of all her friends. Her diminutive size is the envy of many, for she can slip in late to a lecture without creating any perceptible disturbance. But alas! our dainty little maiden from Duncan has succumbed to the evils of the big city—she has had a boyish bob, and developed a craving for milk-shakes.

## MABEL SLIMMING

Mabel was born in Scotland, and this may account somewhat for her candidness. Known to many as "Shrimp" or "Little One," more correctly described as a "person of no great dimensions. Mabel is an extremely bright and cheerful little person, keenly interested in everything and everybody. She is musical, artistic, and a great lover of Nature. She is very precise and matter-of-fact, and thank goodness, not too modern!

## MARJORIE SPEED

Strange to say, Marjorie is both mathematically and musically inclined, besides being the most diligent student in the second year. At almost any hour of the day she may be found curled up comfortably in one of the luxurious chairs supplied in the Library, completely lost in the perusal of Cicero, Horace or Higher Mathematics. We are still wondering why she is always "bored stiff."

## ARTHUR HARLING STOTT

Art. is a member of that illustrious and terrifying body, the Students' Council, by virtue of his position as president of the Literary Society. We forget how many diving trophies he has, but the number is sufficient to indicate that he does not devote all his time to these two offices. In addition to his other activities, Arthur is frequently seen on the rugby line-up, and was a valuable asset in the famous "Soph" versus "Frosh" games. For further particulars we refer you to McIlmoyl.

## BRIAN A. TOBIN

Sage and philosopher. Brian was born in Victoria, and matriculated from Victoria High. At College he has distinguished himself by virtue of the words of wisdom he imparts to erring students, and the good work he has done as Co-Editor of the "Annual." Brian is a profound believer in the proverb, "A wise crack turneth away wrath." This is shown every time he enters the French class ten minutes late, murmuring:

"Mieux tard que jamais."





### CLAIRE VINCENT

"Vinny," as she is known to her chums, has been described as "a sophisticated woman of the world." Ten years seem to have elapsed since Claire was a "green freshette." This year she only honours the College with her presence at French, where she is most always heard. She is always in a hurry or "dashing down to Sprott's," and as "Peggy" in the play we feel she distinguished herself.

### ANGELA VOOHT

No, we are not "in a little Spanish town," but fate has been kind and Angela is here with us at Victoria College, playing excellent hockey, taking an important part in the play and making things very pleasant for us by her charming presence.

"A something in her manner  
Which makes her beautiful."

### MARJORIE WAITES

What Marge doesn't know isn't French, but "she knows how not to know what she knows." Anyone who thinks that she's inclined to be shy and retiring, just go up to the Library, particularly between two and three on Wednesdays.

### RUTH WALCOT

Captain of the Girls' Grass Hockey Team, Ruth has emerged from a shy, inconspicuous Freshman to one of the most popular "Sophs" at College. It will be a red letter day when Ruth arrives in times for a lecture. Slogan: "May I come in, Miss Cann?"

### DONALD S. WATSON

Bairnsfather! Look to your laurels! Watson is among us! Don will undoubtedly become a member on the staff of "Punch" or "Life" unless he diverts his talents in another direction. He is regarded as an authority in all things connected with English; Greek, Economics and Philosophy all bow down before him. His philosophical musings have led him to be rather cynical in his view on life, but at frequent intervals he discards his cloak of learning and becomes one of us. Don's shy and retiring nature forbade us the use of his picture.

### EDWARD C. WILLIS

This sweet-faced youth might well be called "Despair" in view of the havoc he causes among the emotions of the ladies. In spite of his ill-health, Ned insists on carrying on. He is of a very "economical" turn of mind. "Please, Mr. Farr, would it be——?"

### CONSTANCE WILSON

Connie has two very important positions in College life. She is secretary of the Students' Council, and "bi-lab" assistant. Moreover, she dissects innocent froggies and writes long pages of minutes with equal ease. Through her cheerful disposition and kindly helpfulness she has earned the esteem of the faculty and the love of her fellow students. She has even proved successful in the difficult task of keeping noisy Freshmen quiet during Sophomore lectures. Indeed, she is a very paragon of virtue, but let me whisper something—she has been known to giggle uproariously during an occasional lecture and it is said if a certain young man sits behind her during lecture hours she will disregard entirely the professor's learned remarks.

### REGINALD J. WOODS

Our visitor from Battleford—north Battleford, if you please!—Sask. Reg is a recognized authority on initiations, C. N. R. trains, and marathons, and is one of the strong, silent men of the Psychology class. He refuses to admit that Victoria's climate is the best on the Continent, but a year at Varsity will probably convince him that it isn't the worst, at any rate.

### KATHLEEN WOOTTON

Women's Sports Representative, and right-half on the Grass Hockey Team. "Tibby" takes a prominent place in almost all College activities. "Everybody's loved by someone," but Tibby is loved by all.



RENNOLD BENZON  
SECRETARY



WILLIAM DOUGLAS  
PRESIDENT

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JOHN HARRINGTON  
EDITOR



THE Literary and Debating Society has been particularly active this year. Under the capable president, Arthur Stott, the Society commenced activities early in the first term, and since then meetings have been regularly held fortnightly. The programme of our opening meeting took the form of an illustrated lecture entitled "Shakespeare's Plays," which was very ably presented by Miss Cann. Mrs. Rudkin gave an interesting and instructive address dealing with the life and writings of the late Thomas Hardy. In connection with study of the Drama, the Society was very fortunate in hearing Mrs. Goddard, whose presentation, "The Jazz Singer," one of the best of the modern plays, was certainly greatly appreciated and enjoyed by the members.

The interest shown in the Society this year was very gratifying. All the meetings were well attended, and the members gave their time and talent ungrudgingly when requested by the executive. This augurs well for the future prosperity and well-being of the Society, and is an indication of the important place it has come to occupy in the various activities of the College.

—Jordon Guy, Secretary.

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"Waiter; this ham is not good."

"It ought to be, sir; it was cured only last week.

"Well, then it's had a relapse."

\* \* \* \* \*

Some modern dances are so much like St. Vitus' dance that it's hard to tell which is twitch.





## Coral Islands

I HAVE heard it said that the "wanderlust" is born in some people, and if so, I think it was surely born in me, for all my life I have longed to see distant lands. I have a kindred feeling for old Ulysses when he says:-

"I can not rest from travel, my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars."

So I felt, when the Niagara swung out from her moorings, and slowly headed out into the unknown.

For the first two days it was rather cold and dismal. Then there came a welcome change. The dark angry waves of the north, with their foaming crests, were left behind, and the whole surface of the sea swayed in great, silent, lazy swells. Day by day the blue grew more intense, until it became that brilliant, translucent, ultramarine that is only seen in tropical waters, and once seen is never forgotten. We passed no ships. Sometimes a whale sent up his spouting signal from the horizon, or porpoises gambolled 'about the ship. Flying fish—silver arrows—shot out of the water in shoals, and after a rapid flight sank back again in a silver cloud.

On the sixth day the ocean lost its glassy surface, and rippled and burst into spurts of feathery spray, as an ocean should. Then suddenly the cloud bank ahead lifted, and revealed the land beneath—Oahu, the fairy island on which Honolulu is situated. Again and again the clouds broke, revealing enchanting glimpses of colour. After half an hour skirting the coral reef, the boat passed Diamond Head, which stretches far out into the blue, like a huge dragon guarding its treasure, and Honolulu was now in sight. Nowhere could you see a more beautiful scene. The ocean outside the reef was blue—the same blue as it had been for days, but darker. The reef made a sharp line of white surf, and beyond it the shoals were pink, green, and buff—a brilliant Oriental carpet along the shore. Farther westward there was the misty green of cane-fields; further still the soft bluish-purple of mountains, and in the distance, above Honolulu, the extinct crater called Punch-bowl, out of which, no doubt, the gods drank and made merry.

Near the dock the water was alive with Hawaiian boys, swimming about and shouting, ready to dive for nickels, not one of which they ever missed. After capturing a coin, the swimmer tucks it away in his cheek, so before long the cleverest divers look as though they had been afflicted with severe toothache. The waters around Honolulu are infested with sharks, and we could see dozens of large ones swimming around the boat when first we entered the harbour. A box which was thrown overboard was seized by several sharks at once—and thinking of this, I should not have been anxious to change places with those boys.

The town of Honolulu at once casts its spell upon you, with the luxuriance of its tropical gardens. The Poinciana Regia makes huge flaming umbrellas of orange, scarlet, or crimson; the Golden Shower is hung with thousands



of clusters of yellow bells, and the Pride of India is a mist of lavender. These are all flowering trees of immense size. Gigantic banyans throw cool shade, and cocoanut palms stand tall and stately, crowned high up with their clusters of waving, feathery leaves. Vines, with flowers of all brilliant colours twine up the tree-trunks or cling to the wall. The Hibiscus grows everywhere—scarlet, pink, white, yellow and coral.

Among the medley of nationalities to be seen in Honolulu (Americans, Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, and others), perhaps the most picturesque were the Japanese, in their gayly-coloured kimonos, which remind one of the pictures on an old-fashioned fan. The little Japanese children also carry brilliantly-coloured prayer rugs as they go to and fro from school.

We motored to Pali, a precipice which drops over a thousand feet to the plains which stretch to the sea. From the heights the panorama was magnificent—land and sea, coral reef and mountain—green meadows and shining sands stretched before our eyes. Here the road turned a sharp corner, and we encountered the full force of a terrific gale, which blows continually through this pass so fiercely that some days it would not be safe for a car to venture along the road.

From Pali we drove to Waikiki Beach, renowned for its surf-bathing. Here there is no undertow, and the beach is of the softest white sand imaginable. The surf-rider takes a long, smooth, polished board, and with it swims out half a mile or so from shore. He then lies flat on his board, and swims rapidly towards shore, until a roller catches the board and carries him on its crest to the beach. Expert surf-riders can ride the boards standing up for hundreds of yards. "Surfing" has all the excitement of tobogganning, without the trouble of walking up the hill again, for the swim out to sea, diving under the rollers on the way, is almost as much fun as the ride in.

The aquarium at Waikiki is one of the best in the world. One feels that the fish have absorbed all the vivid colours of the tropical sea which was their home. The brilliance, the extraordinary blending and striping, are marvellous. One would think they had been created by French dressmakers, save that Nature has so much more wonderful combinations than ever Worth or Paquin could design. Their actions and expressions are indescribably funny, too, and even their quaint Hawaiian names are amusing. For instance, one peculiar little fish is named Humuhumunukunukeapuaa. Later on, when visiting the city market, I was surprised to see many of these same gaudy fish, every colour of the rainbow, for sale. In order that the housewife may be sure that her fish is fresh, the Hawaiian dealer sells it to her alive, straight out of a barrel of salt water!

One thing more I must mention before leaving Honolulu is the Hawaiian music, which can never be forgotten, after one has once heard it. It is sung in a strange minor key. Even the love songs, chanted in the moonlight under the palm trees, have a strain of hopeless sadness, which sets them apart from all other songs.

At last came the time when we must leave Honolulu. On the dock the Hawaiian band played native airs for about an hour before sailing time, and last of all, "Aloha-oe." On the deck the passengers were covered with "leis,"



wreaths of flowers, which were placed around their necks until they looked like moving bouquets, and the whole ship a veritable garden. Long coloured paper streamers were held by those on shore and their friends on the deck. As the ship pulled away, many of the "leis" were thrown back to those on shore, for luck, so that the widening space was almost hidden under fiery streams of flowers. The long paper streamers broke at last, and fell away into the ocean. The fragile rainbow bond was severed—the crowd grew indistinct, gradually the shore line faded away, and Hawaii was only a beautiful memory.

After another glorious week, we reached Suva, on the Fiji Isles—Fiji, where only about sixty years ago the natives were cannibals, and had many cruel customs, such as burying people alive, and launching their war canoes over the living bodies of their prisoners. We arrived at night, and all went ashore.

The Fijians are tall, magnificently built people, with stiff brush-like hair, which is trained to stand erect, like a neat busby, about six or eight inches high. Although they wear only a loin cloth (and many of the children are clad in a shell necklace), most of the Fijians carry an umbrella or else a taro leaf, to protect their hair, of which they are very proud. At night they use a bamboo pole for a pillow, in order that they may not disarrange their coiffure. They also carry a long stick to scratch the head, for the same reason. One of the most comical sights I saw was a native wearing an old swallow-tail evening coat, with a starched front—and bare legs!

We hired a car and drove for about fifty miles in the moonlight, along a road skirting the sea-shore. We passed quaint leafy huts, shaded by palm trees, and the glorious scenery was made more lovely still by the warm, tropical moonlight, that painted all the widespread distances in delicate silver and misty blue.

How I should like to have stayed longer! But the next day our way lay onwards towards New Zealand, our next port of call, and the last we heard from those strange lands was the dull roar from the surf-beaten reef, the last sight we beheld was the soft tossing of the palm trees as they waved a friendly farewell to us.

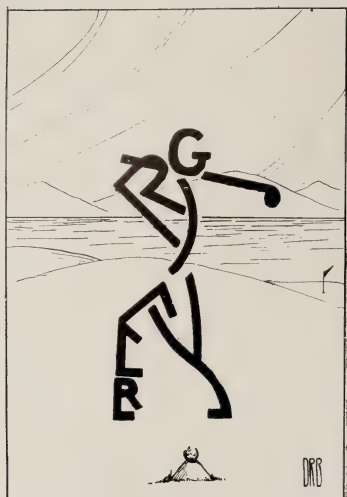
—Eleanor Vickers.

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There was a young student named Robbin,  
Who reeled off his rhymes from a bobbin.

He once wrote a song  
That was four miles long.  
And the readers all saw haemoglobin.







## CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE TEACHERS' CLASS

### "Dear"

**S**HE was pretty—very pretty. He was handsome, and he was coming home. Four years is a long time; he had been away four years.

In fancy she rehearsed their meeting. He would hold her tightly, and say something pretty. (All men said pretty things to her). Then, as if she had not heard, she would say, "Dear?" But she must learn to say it adorably.

In a tone that was scarcely audible she whispered it to the furry ball she called her "catling." A wide-eyed, questioning stare—a knowing wink—and it purred contentedly.

"Dear?" she called to her yellow golden canary. "Sweet, sweet!" he replied. His approval pleased her.

She begged "Boy," the dog, to listen. "I won't. I won't!" he barked, and ran away. He was very young—just a puppy.

Bending low over a brilliant blossom she breathed: "Dear?" Was it fancy, or did it really become more brilliant?

How sweetly her voice must have sounded to the sea! It murmured understandingly: "I know—I know."

One day he came. She ran to him. He lifted her; held her from him; pressed her close. "My little, little girl!" he gasped.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried.

—C. M.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Historia

### Being Chapter IX. (Nine) of the Book Thereof

(for behold they worked ceaselessly, eyeing not the clock, for their credits' sake).

1. And verily, always were they introduced as the Intellectuals: to all and to sundry were they so known.

2. And none in the Assembly, the illiterate and unphilosophical that gathered therein would wantonly step on the shadow, even on the shadow of an Intellectual nor stand twixt him and the Sun.

3. For the name and the fame of the whole College was as a mantle on their shoulders, carried in the van, yet modestly withal.

4. For behold they worked ceaselessly, eyeing not the clock for their credits' sake.

5. And their name did stretch to the East and to the West, yea, even unto Toronto, where no Professor wrote of History till the Intellectuals bade him dip his pen lest he be Wrong. And Sage men of Vancouver did exhale more freely when the Intellectuals unquestioning passed by.



6. And their name did stretch westward to Esquimalt, even unto Esquimalt, and in the mighty waters thereof ferment showed itself in sud-like foam at their approach.

7. Nor in the whole was there one unworthy.

8. And it came to pass that from the Elysian Field came the spirits of the Fathers.

9. Who, hovering, did ask, "Are these the new Fathers of Confederation: for beyond a peradventure do they know more (of it) than do we who brought it to birth."

10. And some did speak chokingly as one in whose throat an apple had stuck; alas! alas! I was born too soon, for in these new confederates are many fair coadjutors.

11. And then did Lafontaine look at Baldwin and list amazedly to their chanted lives. And one said "After this let us go home: it is to be preferred." (Yet came they not from Heaven).

12. And one did recite of the rebellious Papineau who did listen and gloat and gurglingly did say, "Verily, I am revenged."

13. And in the City was there perturbation and dismay, for none of the citizens could obtain for himself, or his wife, or his child, or his servant, any book whatsoever on History from the Library.

14. And the Intellectuals did thank Carnegie daily.

15. And the steps of the Library were worn thin and the shelves all in disarray for the Intellectuals were Eclectics. An Eclectic is one who picks and chooses, and being without conscience forgets the theft.

16. For they did pick and choose from many books and did build of the fragments thereof a new temple and lodged therein, a society for mutual admiration.

17. But a shadow, a shadow that chilled, lay over all: for the Olympians would descend upon the temple in April and when the gods arrive the half-gods vanish.

18. Yet behold they worked ceaselessly, eyeing not the clock for their credits' sake.

\* \* \* \* \*

## My First Love

She dwelt among far distant ways,  
But to our church came she,  
A girl whom there were lots to praise,  
But loved by only me.

A peach she was by me confessed,  
The apple of my eye;  
My nights were lacking needful rest—  
I thought at times I'd die.





I stood enthralled at golden hair  
Whenever we did meet;  
I could not stay if she weren't there  
In her accustomed seat.

One day to town I chanced to go,  
And met her, arm in arm  
With Johnnie Jones, Cecilia's beau,  
From Periwinkle Farm.

I scowled to show it hurt me so;  
She snubbed me prettily,  
Then laughed a mocking laugh, and oh!  
The world went black to me.

—H. S. H.

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## “Steer to the Nor’ West”

**M**R. ROBERT BRUCE was first mate on a barque trading between Liverpool and St. John's. On one trip, bound westward, about six weeks out, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon taking an observation of the sun; after which they went below to calculate their position.

The mate's stateroom was opposite the cabin. By glancing over his shoulder the mate could see the captain working at his desk, but being absorbed in his calculations, he did not notice the captain's movements. At length he called out, “I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Is that correct? What have you got, sir?”

Receiving no reply, he repeated the question, and, glancing over his shoulder saw, as he thought, the captain busy writing at the desk. He got up and, entering the cabin, found himself facing an absolute stranger. Something in the grave, silent look with which this man regarded him, made the mate rush up on deck in alarm, and call for the captain.

“You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce,” cried the captain, after hearing what the mate had to say. “A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!”

On going together to the cabin they found nobody there.

“Well, Mr. Bruce,” said the captain. “You must have been dreaming.”

“I could take my oath,” replied Bruce, “that I saw a man writing on your slate.”

“Ah! Writing on the slate!” And the captain picked it up. “Why, what's this? Is this your writing, Mr. Bruce?”

The mate picked up the slate and read the words, “Steer to the Nor’ West.”

Although the captain called in all the men on the boat, he could find none whose handwriting corresponded to that on the slate. He now had the ship searched from stem to stern, but no stowaway was discovered. At last



the captain decided to alter his course to the Nor' West and to set a lookout at the masthead.

About three o'clock the lookout reported an iceberg nearly ahead and, soon after, he made out some sort of vessel close to it.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec bound for Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got frozen fast in the ice, and for many weeks had been in a critical condition; she was, in fact, a mere wreck, with all her provisions and most of her water gone.

As one of the men, brought away in the third boat, was ascending the side of the barque, the mate, on seeing his face, started back in consternation. Not only the face, but the dress also, exactly resembled that of the man he had seen writing on the slate.

Mr. Bruce sought out his captain, telling him what he had observed. Together they went to look for this passenger, whom they found talking to the master of the rescued ship. They invited both of them to the cabin.

When there the captain said to the passenger, "Would you mind writing a few words on this slate? Anything will do. Suppose you write 'Steer to the Nor' West'." The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, complied. The captain took the slate, and stepping back turned it over and returned it to the passenger with the other side up.

"You say that this is your handwriting," said he.

"You saw me write it," replied the other, looking at the slate.

"And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over.

The man was confounded. At last he said, "I wrote only one of these. Who wrote the other?"

The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other. "Did you dream you wrote on the slate?" asked the captain.

"No, sir, not that I remember."

"I had better now tell you," said the captain of the wreck. "what I wanted to say to you as soon as we had a few minutes of quiet. My friend here, being very weak, had fallen into what seemed a heavy sleep, sometime before noon today. He dreamt that he was on board a barque coming to rescue the people on our ship. When he awoke he described to us her appearance and rig, and to our astonishment, when this ship appeared she corresponded exactly to his description."

"Yet he does not remember writing on the slate?" asked the rescuing captain, who now related what the mate had seen.

"No, sir. I got the idea that the ship I saw in my dream was coming to our rescue, but I do not know how I got that idea. It is strange, also, that everything on board seems familiar to me, although I was never in this vessel before."

Although they discussed the matter from all angles, the only conclusion they could arrive at was that Providence had intervened on behalf of the unfortunate people on the wreck.

—Anthony Easton.



**S**KY-ROCKET for 1927-28 as regards the social activities of Victoria College! It can be well said that this was a very successful year, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank Madame Sanderson-Mongin, and all those who kindly assisted in the decorating, and managing of the dances.

The social season was ushered in by the customary initiation of the Freshies. This was perhaps the most unique affair of the year. The Sophs were in their element, maltreating the frightened, innocent Freshie, who, after being pronounced guilty of being a mere Freshman or Freshette, as the case may be, was smeared with grease paint, dragged through tunnels, soaked with water, forced to partake of wierd concoctions, and many other unmentionable ordeals. After they had cleaned up (if possible), everyone enjoyed a delightful dance, the music being supplied by Jack Mercer's orchestra.

On October 28 we again found the mysterious element pervading the College in the form of a Hallowe'en masquerade. The decorations were very effective, consisting of ghosts, cats, and the clever gold and black drawings and panels. There were many striking costumes, comic and otherwise, and everyone entered into the Hallowe'en spirit and enjoyed himself to the utmost.

But we must not forget to mention that unforgettable theatre night. Practically every member of the College attended the Capitol Theatre with every obtainable kind of musical (?) instrument that was convenient to carry. We amused the citizens of Victoria with these and our yells and songs, under the able leadership of Bill Robbins. After the show we serpented through town, help up the traffic, and went through the Metropolis Cafe and Crystal Gardens. Although it rained all evening, everyone stayed until we





gave our last yell at the corner of Fort and Douglas Streets. After, we danced for a short while at Terry's, and then went home, very tired but happy.

Another novel form of entertainment introduced into College this year was the tea dance given for the rugby team after their games. These were started by Mrs. Elliott and were much appreciated by the players and others present.

The annual Parents' Reception was held on November 18 at the College, where the parents of the students were received by the faculty. The success of the affair was shown by the large crowd present. After the parents and faculty had become acquainted, supper was served, which was followed by a most enjoyable dance.

Next was the closing dance, which the students looked forward to with much anticipation after a strenuous week of exams. The decorations were the College banners and sprays of holly. This dance lived up to the reputation of the College dances and consequently no one was disappointed.

The first event in the New Year was the basketball dance, given at the High School in honour of Varsity, when they visited us in their annual invasion. Following this, we again entertained them at the Varsity Ball given at the Empress Hotel the next night. A large crowd attended and enjoyed this dance, and it was, perhaps, the most successful of the year.

And now we come to the most exciting event of the year—our invasion to Vancouver. About one hundred and fifty students journeyed on the Friday afternoon boat of February 3 in high spirits. We danced all the way over and entertained the passengers with our well-known songs and yells. That evening we were entertained by the Varsity at a dance at the Wintergarden, and on Saturday night at a "hoop hop" at the Normal gym. We returned home Sunday feeling very successful and happy, after winning the majority of events.

As soon as we arrived home we turned our interest to the Annual Ball, which was given at the Alexandra House on February 10. The room was beautifully decorated with Valentine novelties, hearts, greenery, and posters. These posters were skilfully drawn, and represented old-fashioned valentines, surrounded by lace and ribbons. The success of this dance was largely due to Madame Sanderon-Mongin and those who assisted her with the decorating.

We still have three events to take place in the near future and to which we wish every success. The play "Mice and Men," the team banquet, given in honour of the athletic teams, and the closing dance, at the end of the term, at which the Sophomores can rest assured that they will be given a good time by the Freshmen.

—Bernice Penzer.



"MUCH ADO ABOUT NUTHIN' "

—Homely Homer.

College is a funny place,  
And funny kids are in it;  
The first year bunch is an awful joke,  
But it can't help that, how kin it?

Roll-call is a funnier biz,  
At least it is to me,  
There sure are heaps of funny names;  
I'll tell you two or three.

We never need to go to church,  
The **Temple's** always here;  
We never need get into debt,  
'Cause **Nichols** soon appear.

We've even got a **Bird** or two,  
But mostly they are **Cox**;  
And crouching in the undergrowth  
We often see a **Fox**.

A **King** and **Bishop** always lend  
Enchantment to the scene.  
We have those both, and go so far  
As to have a gloomy **Deane**.

Our **Code** of laws is always **Ready**  
Your attention to arrest;  
"Make **Hay** when the sky is **Sprinkling**  
(A change is always best).

And now to food we turn our eyes;  
We've a **Baker** and a **Cook**,  
A **Miller** also grinds our flour  
In a quiet, secluded nook.

A **Newberry** on a **Graham** cracker  
Is always sure to please;  
And a **Green Gage** is a luscious thing  
When served with **Beans** and **Peas**.



## The Chinese Sage

**I**N LAN-TCHEU they tell marvellous tales of Yuen-Ho, the great and good one. Tales of his kindness and wisdom. But none more strange than the story of his great sacrifice for little Heart of Jade, priceless jewel of womanhood, who was to bring him so much happiness.

Yuen-Ho the sage was growing old; for many years he had lived among the beloved books of his ancestors and no one in all the land knew more than he did. Now he bethought himself of marriage and a son to perpetuate his name and care for the ancestral shrine. Not desiring to buy a wife through the marriage barterers, he decided to ask his boyhood friend, Tsin-Yao, the wealthy merchant, for advice. Accordingly he wrote to his friends and prepared to make the journey.

Long years had passed since Yuen-Ho and Tsin-Yao had seen each other, and they were delighted to meet again. Tsin-Yao had become very wealthy, had married and now possessed a large estate, but he was still the same kind person that Yuen-Ho had known in his youth. They had tea under the lime trees while recalling their youthful intimacy. Before Yuen-Ho could make known his purpose for coming, they heard a musical voice chanting songs to the accompaniment of lute. Then a young man appeared among the willows by the fountain.

"My wife's nephew, Li Hun-Sien," murmured Tsin-Yao. "A fine lad, a student, and destined to be a great poet. He spends much of his time composing verses."

He was indeed a fine lad, as straight as a young poplar, moving with the same grace, his wide brow overshadowed deep serious eyes, and his musical voice held the sound of falling water. He approached at his uncle's command and greeted the guest courteously, then passed on, singing as he went.

"Have you no child of your own, my friend?" inquired the sage.

"Yes, a daughter, the jewel of my eye. We call her Heart of Jade. Ah! here she comes now, you shall judge for yourself of her beauty."

As he spoke there came dancing along the path the daintiest Chinese maiden Yuen-Ho had ever seen. Her ivory cheeks were faintly flushed with rose, her smiling mouth was carved in coral, beneath her sleek hair lay her eyes like deeply-shadowed pools. Her slender hands holding her fan were like creamy lilies and her feet two tiny jewel-caskets. She greeted the stranger in a voice like a muted violin string. In his withered breast the heart of Yuen-Ho glowed with a hitherto unknown ardour. When Heart of Jade had passed on he told why he had come and passionately begged his friend for his daughter's hand in marriage.

"I had not thought to lose her so soon, but since you so desire her, beloved friend of my youth, I will gladly send her to you, for in all the land there is no one who would make a worthier husband than thyself."

Meanwhile beneath the willows Li was chanting songs of love into Heart of Jade's dainty ear. And she was shyly murmuring her own love for him.

The arrangements for the wedding were soon made, for Tsin-Yao and





Yuen-Ho drove no hard bargain. Now the little bride grew strangely pale and silent and Li was rarely seen during the days of preparation. At last the nuptial eve arrived. While the rest of the household feasted, Heart of Jade and Li bade each other a sorrowful farewell beneath the willows. Tearing herself from his arms, Heart of Jade ran blindly towards the house, while Li paced wildly up and down the moonlit path. At last, with a sudden resolve born of utter despair, he went for his horse and rode to the house of the bridegroom.

Despite the late hour Yuen-Ho was still up. Wondering, he received his visitor in his library. He scarcely recognized the hollow-eyed young man as the graceful poet he had seen in his friend's garden, but he listened patiently to his tale.

"Ah! great and good one, thou who art wise beyond all others in this land of ours, hear me in my despair. I love the beautiful Heart of Jade as the moon loves the sea, as the trees love the south wind, as the flowers love the cool dew, as the pool loves the lotus buds, as the willows love the murmuring stream, and she, oh learned one! has deigned to accept my unworthy love and has even, oh kind sage! condescended to love my most unworthy self in return. But she is obedient to her father's will and now grows thin and pale as her wedding day approaches. She laughs no more as she used to do, she dances no more in the sunlight, and I have seen her many times with tears in her sad eyes. Ah! kindly one, can you not see she will fade here amongst your books as the lotus blossom fades when plucked? Oh mighty sage, in thy great kindness pity two heartbroken creatures." He ceased, aghast at his own audacity, yet daring to hope for mercy.

Yuen-Ho meanwhile was sadly walking to and fro across the room. For many minutes he was silent. Then he spoke:

"Thou art right, my lad, she would die here amongst my musty volumes. Old age should not separate young lovers. So you shall marry on condition that you remain here to bring sunshine into my dreary old house."

On the morrow when the wedding procession arrived, Yuen-Ho persuaded Tsin-Yao to give his daughter's hand to Li, explaining that he had decided he was too old to marry, and wished his newly adopted son to have the bride instead. Later a radiant Heart of Jade came to thank the old sage and promised that her first son should be named Yuen-Ho.

Long years have passed since then, but the name of Yuen-Ho is still remembered in Lan-tcheu and the inhabitants still tell strange tales of his great kindness and wisdom.

—M. J. Miller.

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Yerburgh (to his fellow freshie): "Well, what's on your little, narrow mind now?"

Parker: "You always make me think of Friday."

Yerburgh: "And why?"

Parker: "No meat!"

# THE ROGUES GALLERY



**THE BIG FOUR**



**MAN AND SUPERMAN**



**FROM LEFT TO RIGHT...  
THREE LITTLE BITS OF ALL RIGHT**



**THE GLADIATORS-TOUCHÉ**



**CUBBY, CHARLES  
AND LADY FRIEND**



**ME AND MY  
SHADOW**



**KLAHOWYA-VARSITY!**



**WATCH OUR DUST**



**FAMOUS FEET**



## Idle Thoughts of an Idle Student

L ISTLESSLY I turned the pages of a notebook and commenced to draw a fantastic diagram of the anatomy of a jelly-fish. The Library was hot, stifling and intensely silent. The bright sunshine without increased the sense of gloom within. Each of the twenty students about me was studying as only a student on the eve of an examination can study. I seemed to hear the desperate, seething workings of twenty brains through the deep stillness.

Gradually individual students began to attract my attention by unconscious movements. There was a momentary rustle as someone turned the pages of an analytical geometry. A long-drawn sigh escaped the lips of a feverish English student pouring over the "Bacchanals of Euripides." The song of a bird floated through the open window and the disciple of Descartes again stirred restlessly.

I leaned forward to resume my sketching and the table tilted crazily, changing its balance to another leg. I wonder whether I shall ever know enough trig. to solve the riddle of the library tables? Why do they invariably stand on three legs, ready to crash the fourth to the floor at the slightest provocation? That is: let A, B, C, D be the legs of the table. A and C are X inches long. B and D are Y inches long. The table stands on A and C and leans on B. When touched, it descends upon D with a crash and B hangs idly in space.

While I was trying to solve this problem, the student at the table by the window closed "Robertson & Beard" noisily, crossed to the desk, and then proceeded downstairs. Creak, creak, clamp—the first flight; squeak, scrape, scrunch—the second flight; creak, clatter, crash—the third flight. His footsteps echoed through the building, and ceased.

A harassed French student sought the advice of a fellow-sufferer at the next-table-but-one, in a stage whisper which he fondly believed inaudible to the Librarian. Then stillness reigned again, broken only by fitful mutterings from the corner, where an admirer of the "Latin tongue" was inducing gray hairs in the study of "De Senectute." His delirium passed as he sank into slumber.

From the campus below drifted the confused sounds incident to a combined game of rugby and hockey. A laugh swept up from the Common Room. Two chemistry students weakened, wavered, deserted their formulae and began to discuss the Invasion in ever more animated whispers.

Suddenly, the peace was shattered by the sound of a piano. The members of the College Lunch-hour Chorus struck up that inspired ditty, "Here's to the Good Old Ale." This was too much for the fortitude of even the most sober. The "Bacchanals" was forgotten; the maths. left unfinished. Some of the weakest creaked downstairs, followed by the now argumentative chemistry students. One by one, two by two, the others yielded to temptation.





Even the student of Cicero, sobered by the wise counsels and calm judgment in "De Senectute," was roused, and left, whistling the chorus. Finally, I too closed my book, having provided the luckless jelly-fish with but ectoderm and tentacles, and left the Librarian to undisturbed peace.

—Margaret Woodward.

## The Retreat from Mons

"I TELL YER, sir, it's those bloomin' idjits 'oo never see'd a trench, that talkt abaht there bin' no angels. Yer arsk any soljer 'oose bin at Mons, an' I betcher ev'ry blinkin' one of 'em see'd the angels. I bloomin' well did! This is 'ow it were—

"For a 'ole week we 'ad bin retreatin' and retreatin', and those — 'Uns come on all the time. Blimey! 'Undreds o' thousands of 'em. Sometimes we'd 'alt, and get inter trenches, and blaze away at 'em. Strike me pink, talk abaht blazin'! I tell yer, me blinkin' gun got so darned 'ot that I could 'ardly 'old it. An' wot wuz the use, I harsk yer? 'Undreds would fall, but more'd take their places, and still they'd come. Then we'd go back more and get inter another trench, and start blazin' away agin! Me Gawd! weren't I 'arf sleepy, and so wuz us all. We never 'ad a bloomin' wink o' sleep fer days. Weren't I glad when we 'alted! Not 'arf, I ken tell yer! Then we stopped, fer good they sed, 'cause we couldn't walk a b—— inch further. We were goin' ter fight it out. Blimey! When I see'd them 'Uns, I sez ter myself, 'Well, it's good-bye ter Tipperary fer you, ol' dear!"

"The 'Uns kept on comin', and we'd go on shootin' an' shootin', but there weren't no blarsted use in it! Millions o' the bloomin' — comin' on always! We knowed it were all up with us, but don't yer think we cared! No sir, not a darn cuss, we didn't. Bill, me pal, 'e sez ter me, 'See yer agen up in 'Eaven, Alf!'. An' then this thing 'appened—

"Right above us the sky got bright, and suddenly I 'eard a 'orrible row, summat like thunder, an' I see'd crowds o' white figers, all dressed up, they wuz, like the bowmen at Cressy in the 'istory books, with li'l 'elmets and leather haprons. They seem ter come dahn low, an' then began ter shoot their arrars at the 'Uns. Me Gawd! 'ow the 'Uns ran away, 'though their blinkin' orficers started shootin' 'em an' cursin' 'em. Didn't they jest make a shindy! I tell yer they fell by the thousan', an' it weren't us 'oo shootted them, neither. Crikey, no! Wot abaht us? Well, we jest stood there in the trenches gapin', we did. So'd anyone if they see'd it. Not a shot we didn't fire, not a single blinkin' shot, but them 'Uns would topple over jest the same. Gor' lumme, when we see'd 'em grey blighters runnin' away, didn't we jest holler! Their orficers couldn't stop 'em nohow. Me aunt, it made us proud to see those gents above with their bows twangin'! They



were shootin' like as if they were at Bisley, 'cause ev'ry bloomin' shot got a man. Didn't we jest cheer 'em. 'Ell, yes! An' we didn't stop till arter they'd gone away. 'Ow'd they go away? Why, they jest sort o' faded away, gradual-like, ye know, same as one o' them rainbows, first one end, then t'other. An' the noise, that got less an' less, too. None o' us sort o' realised what 'ad 'appened till they'd gone. Then we wuz kind o' dazed for a while, till—— Well, we all ended up on our knees. Lumme, if yer could 'a seen us then! We wuz jest like children. Ol' Bill, next ter me, wuz weepin' like a wuman! Almos' ev'ryone were, an' then we jest dropped where we wuz, an' went ter sleep!

"That's all that 'appened, sir, leastways it's all I knows, an' I sez ter Bill, 'It's —— well all I want ter know.' Naw, nor'r bit, sir, it weren't no trouble. Thank yer, sir, thank yer kindly. Pleased ter meetcher, sir. Good-bye."

—G. W. Phillips.

---

### WHAT IS FAME?

A downy thistle-flower,  
With wings of flimsy white,  
Blown from the hands of us,  
By winds of day and night.

A bubble, beckoning  
In rays of dancing light;  
Which, when at last we grasp,  
Fades quickly out of sight.

A full-blown rose of red;  
Pick it we feel we must.  
We hug it to our breast—  
And find our rose—is dust.

—D. R. B.

---

The Golden Days  
We waste in Toil  
Will nevermore return;  
The proper sort of midnight oil  
Was made to drink—not burn.

—Don Marquis.



## WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

**T**HE Women's Basketball team has had a very successful season under the able leadership of Johnny Foubister and Ian MacQueen. The team wishes to take this opportunity of thanking them both for their splendid coaching.

The first game of the season was with the Adanacs, resulting in a defeat for our team of 7-8. The two games with Normal, however, were more successful, with scores of 12-4 and 16-6. Two games were played with the Telephone Girls in which the College Girls went down to a hard-fought defeat each time.

Entering the Knock-Out League, College drew the Red Wings for the first game, losing with a score of 12-14. It was a close, exciting game and would probably have been a victory for the College had not Alice Code been injured and obliged to leave the floor just before the whistle blew.

The Varsity suffered a defeat of 14-12 during their Invasion. Spurred on by this victory, the College team set off for Vancouver, resolved to return the game in the same forcible manner. This game was exceedingly interesting, the score being even until Agnes Lang made the prettiest shot of the season from centre floor, leaving the score 11-9 in our favour.

Three exhibition games were played, two at Sooke with scores 6-6 and 6-7 against College, and one at Shawnigan resulting in a decided victory, 10-4, for our team.

The line-up was as follows: Forwards, J. Moody, A. Code; centre, R. Fields; guards, B. Penzer (captain), G. Dawson; Spares, A. Lang, L. Graignic and L. Fisher.





### MEN'S BASKETBALL

The Men's Basketball team has just closed a very successful season. Successful, not from the point of games won or lost, but rather from the feeling that we have "played the game."

In the City Intermediate "A" League the College team took third place after some hard-fought games. In the City Knock-Out League we won our way into the finals in an overtime game with the V. H. S., and now by defeating the Hudson's Bay we will be entitled to the Bob Whyte Shield.

During the year, trips were made to Sooke, Shawnigan and Otter Point. These were thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the team and their supporters. We feel that a word of thanks is due, at this point, for the whole-hearted interest and enthusiastic support we have received.

The team was as follows: Forwards, Dave Thomson, Ian MacQueen, Monty Dunsmore; centre, Roy Temple; guards, Gordie Gilmore, John Foubister, Alf. Foubister (captain).



## ICE HOCKEY

Most of the Hockey matches have been inter-year affairs, resulting in hard-fought victories for Arts '30. "Jocko" Johnson and Monty Dunsmore distinguished themselves by scoring the majority of goals.

The honours of Arts '30 were held up by: Dunsmore, Rogers, Blagburn, Caverhill, Walker, Guy, Temple, West, Robertson and Dim Johnson (manager).

Arts '31 lined up as follows: Watson, Code, Lowe, T. White, B. White, Simmonds, Speed, Graham and Girdwood.

Bill Forde handled the whistle.

\* \* \* \* \*

## GOLF

This year we were unable to arrange a game with U. B. C. at the time of their invasion in January, but on February 4, a four-man team from College engaged a similar team from the University in Vancouver. The game was



**MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM**





played on the links of the Shaughnessy Golf Club and resulted in a victory for our team by a score of two matches to nil.

The College was represented by B. S. Walker and Steve Brynjolfson on the first team and Clin. Chatton and G. M. Terry on the second, the former pair winning by two up, the latter by seven and five.

\* \* \* \* \*

### RUGBY

During the first half of the league our Rugby team was without a coach, but in spite of this handicap it managed to finish this part of the season in third place. The services of Mr. Fraser Lister, of V. H. S., were secured for the second half, and under his guidance the team improved, placing itself in a tie with Brentwood for a final standing in second place.

In both our games with Varsity we defeated them, 11-0. These decisive victories were greatly due to the co-operative and sportsmanlike spirit displayed by the members of the team.

The support received from the side-lines has been greatly appreciated (sky-rocket for Professor Gage!). We also wish to take this opportunity





of thanking Fraser Lister for his invaluable work as coach, and John Shaw is also deserving of our gratitude for his work.

The following players represented the College: Gil. McIlmoyl, Cubby Godwin, Gav. Hume, Ken. Osler, Ned Willis, Art. Stott, Bay Thorne, Murray Cameron, "Tusky" Monteske, "Wamba" Warnock, Seymour Archbold, Bob Squires, Ted Robinson, Don MacMurchie, Charlie Ruttan, Bill Robbins, Dim Johnson (captain).

\* \* \* \* \*

### GIRLS' GRASS HOCKEY

The total results of the Grass Hockey games are: ten games in our favour, six defeats, and two ties.

Keen interest has been taken in the games this year, resulting in a very enjoyable and successful season.





A 5-0 victory was scored against Varsity during their Invasion. The return game in Vancouver resulted in a tie, Angela Vooght making the only goal.

A word of thanks is due G. McIlmoyl for his excellent work at our practices. We do not know how we could have got on without "Mac."

The following players represented the College: Forwards, Doris Roberts, Vera Beechey, Naomi Taylor, Mary Bucklin, Ruth Walcott (captain); half-backs, Angela Vooght, Molly Bigwood, Tibby Wootton; full-backs, Margaret Ross, Doris Rines; goal, Jenny Shepherd; spares, Claire Vincent, Dorothy Thompson, Marjorie Waites, Marguerite Vooght.

---

### IN APPRECIATION

Like an angel's benediction,  
Splendid, soothing, restful diction  
Like an oily anti-friction  
Stranger far than any fiction,  
Is the word "Omit!"

Like a lover's joyful kisses—  
Sentimental artifices—  
Like an accident one misses  
Is the teacher's: "This is  
What you may omit!"

Like a drink upon the Gobi—  
Hot and suffocating Gobi—  
Is the word that gives the go-by,  
This is what we always go by:  
Lovely word "Omit!"

Through the text-book's dreary pages,  
Duller than the Middle Ages,  
Are the student's sullen rages  
Brightened only by the gauges:  
"This you may omit!"

Thus is everyone's affection  
Cast upon that lonely section  
Which by lecturer's direction  
Is entitled to ejection  
By the word "Omit!"

—B. A. T.



**T**HE Players' Club has had a very successful season and the College may well be proud of the good showing it has made.

The play "Mice and Men," by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, was chosen by the executive for this year's presentation, and it is doubtful if a better choice could have been made.

The cast was chosen early in the second term and rehearsals began immediately under the direction of Major Bullock-Webster.

The play was presented on March 23 and 24, in the Victoria High School auditorium, and the enthusiastic reception it received at both performances was a proof of its success.

The difficult role of Mark Embury was played with true sympathy by Richard Lendrum, while Claire Vincent made a most lovable Peggy. Angela Vooght was the beautiful young lady of fashion, and Dorothy Sprinkling gave us a very convincing portrait of a bustling housekeeper. Nelson Allen, as the scapegrace nephew, and Anthony Easton, as the blustering, fat, kindly neighbour, proved to be well suited to their parts. Others taking part were Ena Henderson, Mollie Bigwood, R. Hammond, J. Watson, J. Gibson, A. Foubister and ten others representing orphans.

We are indebted to the Bucklin Trio, Lucille Hall, Barbara Fraser and Nancy Ferguson for the entertainment between acts; to Marjorie Waites as prompter; also to Madame Sanderson-Mongin and Miss Cann for their efforts which helped to make the play such a success.

The executive for the year was as follows: President, Leonard Nichols; secretary-treasurer, Kathleen Cummings; first year representative, Mary Bucklin; second year representative, John Lyons, and later Art Stott.





## The Work of the University Extension Association

WHEN the University Extension Association was organized five years ago, largely as the result of a conversation between the present principal of Victoria College and the secretary of the Association, the faculty of the College decided to consider the Association's work as a part of the College activities, and give all possible support to make the new body a permanent part of the educational and cultural life of Victoria. Now, at the end of the fifth season, the permanence of the University Extension Association is assured.

This Association was the first body of its kind in Canada. The members of the committee and several members of the faculty of the University of British Columbia hope the future will see developments which will make the movement as wide and valuable as that arranged by the Universities of the Old Land. There, the attendance at both the lectures and the classes reaches thousands weekly, and a special corps of lecturers devote their whole time to this work, travelling from town to town, delivering a set course of lectures, conducting classes after each lecture, and correcting essays submitted by the students. As yet the U. B. C. has not been able to undertake the latter work, but the president of the University and several members of the faculty hope to see this accomplished in the future.

While the primary purpose of a University Extension Association is to bring to such as were unable to attend college some of the advantages of the University, there is no restriction as to membership. All are welcome. Many students at the College have found attendance at the lectures beneficial and will, no doubt, when college days are over, continue their membership in the Association.

Since its inception, two or more courses of lectures have been delivered each season, a literary course, and courses on Economics, Psychology, Sociology, Evolution or History.

Due to the generous terms given by the University, and the co-operation of the School Board and the Department of Education, the annual expense of this work is very modest. A membership fee of one dollar per season, supplemented by voluntary contributions from non-members who are willing to assist in defraying the expenses, has been sufficient to meet the cost of running the organization. A continued sphere of usefulness is confidently looked forward to in the future.

—James T. Stott, Secretary.

---

Any man who marries a second time doesn't deserve to have lost his first wife.—Michael Arlen.







## Arts '31

Anderton, Eleanor  
Archbold, Grace  
Bagley, Jean  
Bean, Esther  
Beechey, Vera  
Bell, Alice  
Bigwood, Mollie  
Bird, Marjorie  
Birkeland, Elizabeth  
Bishop, Dorothy  
Bradshaw, Alex. V.  
Bucklin, Mary  
Burgess, Florence  
Burridge, Aubin  
Carmichael, Pat.  
Chapman, Bernice  
Clarke, Dorothy  
Collett, Dora B.  
Cornwall, Mary M.  
Coxworth, Alice  
Cruikshank, Lexie  
Cumming, Kathleen  
Davies, Betty  
Davis, Bertha I.  
Davis, Viola W.  
Dawson, Gwen.  
Deaville, Edith  
Downey, Pauline  
Drummond, Pat.  
Du Mont, Marguerite  
Edmond, Reby  
Evans, Dorothy  
Everall, Eleanor

Allen, Nelson  
Bennett, Ken.  
Blagburn, Eric  
Brown, Louis K.  
Cameron, Murray  
Chatton, Clinton  
Coddington, Albert  
Code, Ernie  
Cowan, Sydney G.  
Cox, Douglas  
Davis, Ralph  
Dunnett, Malcolm  
Easton, Montague W.  
Forde, Jack  
Fox, John S.  
Foubister, Alfred  
Gibson, James A.  
Girdwood, Charles  
Gilmour, Gordon  
Godwin, Gordon  
Graham, James S.  
Hall, Frank  
Hammond, Reg. P.  
Harris, Terence  
Hedley, John B.  
Holmes, Terence  
Huddleston, Robert  
Hume, F. Gavin

Ferguson, Nancy  
Fields, Ruth  
Fisher, Louise  
Fraser, Barbara  
Fuller, Rosemary  
Gragnic, Lillian  
Gray, Florence L.  
Hammond, Audrey  
Harper, Louella  
Harris, Margaret  
Hawkins, Edith  
Hay, Janet S.  
Hepburn, Janet E.  
Holyoake, Mabel  
Howe, Dorothy  
Johnson, M. Jean  
Knott, Alice M.  
Laird, Mona J.  
Lang, Agnes  
Lang, Jean H.  
McIntosh, Gladys  
McKee, Marguerite  
MacLaurin, Evelyn  
Martin, Alys L.  
Menzies, Ruth H.  
Mitchel, Laura  
Moffat, Marjorie  
Montaldi, Irene  
Moody, Dorothy K.  
Moody, Jean  
Moore, Carrie  
Morry, Catherine  
Morton, Patricia

Hurley, P. Mason  
Johnson, J. Dimery  
Jones, Veron  
King, Atwell C.  
Lawson, William  
Lendrum, Richard  
Low, C. Bruce  
Maconachie, James  
McConnell, Norman  
MacMurchie, Don  
Maddaford, H. J.  
Mercer, Jack F.  
Miller, James A.  
Miller, William  
Moffat, William  
Monteski, Albert  
Nesbitt, Lyman M.  
Newbury, C. William  
Nichols, John L.  
Norris, Fred  
Orchard, Wilfrid  
Osler, Kenneth S.  
Parker, Sidney F.  
Parnell, John L.  
Patterson, Arthur  
Phillips, Horace  
Purves, Robert L.  
Robertson, Douglas

Newell, Maymie I.  
Nicoletti, Nettie  
Owen, Janet B.  
Pease, Evangeline  
Penzer, Bernice  
Porter, Jean  
Rankin, Sarah A.  
Ready, Mavis C.  
Roberts, Doris M.  
Robertson, Lillian  
Routledge, Helen  
Schroeder, Frances  
Scott, Evelyn A.  
Scott, Margaret  
Shepherd, Jane  
Sims, Nellie  
Somers, Violet  
Sprinkling, Dorothy  
Stewart, Margaret  
Stoddart, Evelyn  
Taylor, Naomi E.  
Taylor, Olive E.  
Thompson, Dorothy  
Vickers, Eleanor  
Vooght, Marguerite  
Vye, Iris A.  
Waites, Bertha  
Williams, Nora E.  
Willing, Lois A.  
Wilson, Idele L.  
Woodward, Catherine  
Worthington, Maude

Robinson, Edward  
Rogers, Vic.  
Ruttan, Charles H.  
Ruttan, Henry R.  
Simonds, Peter  
Small, Lester E.  
Smith, John  
Speed, Arthur F.  
Squire, Robert C.  
Temple, Roy H.  
Terry, Goldwin M.  
Thomson, David  
Thorne, Thomas  
Tripp, Herbert  
Trotter, Charles  
Tunnard, Arthur  
Walker, Basil S.  
Warner, Lee-Edgar  
Warnock, George  
Watson, John A.  
West, Henry A.  
Weydert, Joseph  
White, Thomas  
White, W. Bruce  
Wright, Andrew  
Yerburgh, Ernest





# KOLLEGE KRAKS

Cholly (to shopman): "I say, aw, could you take that yellow tie with the pink spots out of the show window for me?"

Shopman: "Certainly, sir; pleased to take anything out of the window, anytime, sir."

Cholly: "Thanks awfully, old fellow. The beastly thing bothaws me every time I pass. Good mawning!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Bones: "What would you call a Turkish flapper?"

Jones: "A sort of veiled threat."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What size bank is the one you work in?"

"Well, it takes a good story about two weeks to get from the president back to the president."

\* \* \* \* \*

"There must be some mistake in the marking of the examinations," complained the student. "I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

"Neither do I," agreed the Professor, "but it is the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What kind of a fellow is Joe?"

"Well, if you see a fellow trying to borrow money from another, the man shaking his head is Joe."

\* \* \* \* \*

Wife: "I've put your shirt on the clothes-horse, Jim."

Jim: "What odds did you get?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well," remarked a married man, after examining his friend's new flat, "I wish I could afford a place like this."

"Yes," said his friend, "you married men may have better halves, but we batchelors usually have better quarters."

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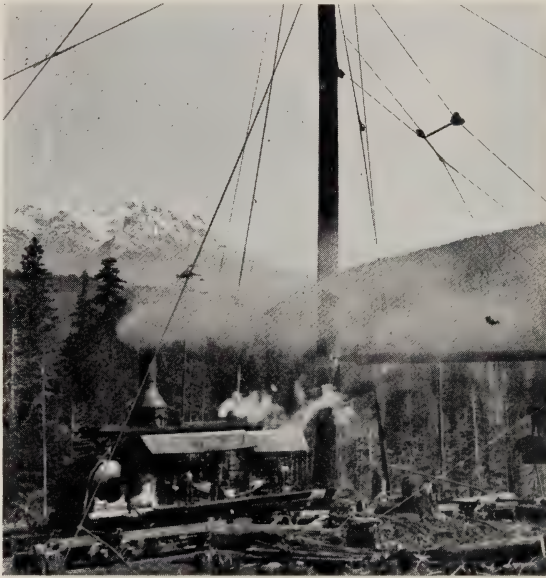
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For the first time since the College year commenced, Johnson walked into the Library. The appearance of the High-brow Sanctum is a little deceptive, so we will pardon Dim's bad break, when he said to the lady at the counter: "Say, d'ya sell beer here?"

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- 8.57 a.m.—Too late! Doors shut. Bad business.
- 9.00 a.m.—Maths. (1) Anybody who hasn't his tables, get out—quick, if not sooner. (2) That's enough noise—let's get down to work.
- 9.55 a.m.—(1) What have you got this hour? (2) Gonna skip- lit? No, got a letter to write. (3) Answer my name, will you?
- 10.00 a.m.—(1) Please be quiet in the back seats, so I will be able to call the roll. (2) What's the time? (3) Knots and crosses prevail.
- 10.55 a.m.—Bell!
- 11.00 a.m.—Chemistry.

Now, if you are wise in your day and generation, you will remember this is bad stuff, the most appalling substance I ever met—and you need it in your business. What 'ist o'clock?

*Concluded over-leaf*



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(2) Et-cet-tetera-tetera-tetera.

2.00 p.m.—Kicking exercises on broad expanse of campus.

3.30 p.m.—Exit—to ye old tuck shop—and thence for three hours—lab at Vic. High.

6.00 p.m.—And, homeward, the weary collegian plods his weary way. Finis.

\* \* \* \* \*

“—and do you know, he has such charming manners—such a nice boy! Why, in my class the other day he . . . My goodness! what’s that?”

(Riot in Common-Room). “Some \*!\*?-\*! swiped my Trig. If the !——?\*? don’t bring it back, I’ll (mumble, mumble), or my name isn’t COX!”



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Dave Thompson—Charter member of the Dodgers. One of the reasons why girls get home late. His greatest contribution to contemporary literature is his book: "Who is the Most Popular Man in College—and Why Am I?"

\* \* \*

Ernie Code—A busy man about 3 o'clock. Place of business, O. B. H. S.

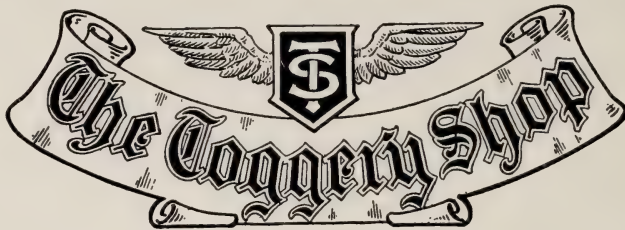
\* \* \*

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*The*  
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Coats  
Afternoon  
Gowns  
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Millinery*

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\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

Things that are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

\* \* \*

Gravity is chiefly noticeable in the autumn when the apples are falling.

\* \* \*

The difference between air and water is that air can be made wetter and water can not.

\* \* \*

A parallel straight line is one which if produced to meet itself, does not meet.

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In examinations the Foolish ask questions that the Wise  
can not answer.—Oscar Wilde.

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \*

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To the Editor.

Sir,—On January 15th, or possibly some other day, the Freshmen met and generally eradicated the Sophomore Rugby Team. The losing team was to present the winners with a Trophy. Nothing has been done.

Yours (when we get our  
cuspidor),

A Freshman.

Hi Hoc Tuee Fraternity.

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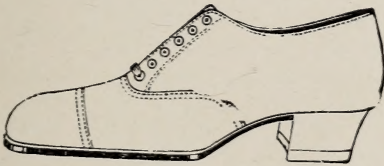
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THE REGISTRAR

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And how!

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